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A BOY OF GALATIA.

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It was court-day in far-away Galatia, northernmost of all the Grecian provinces. Before the great gate of Ancyra, the capital, a long line of accused and accusers passed the ivory chair of the archon, or ruler, who judged every cause that touched not the life of a free-man. Now a thief was scourged, now a pledge redeemed, and case after case was heard and passed upon in a few brief words. Finally a pathetic little group, that seemed oddly out of place in the line of petty criminals, came before the judgment-seat. A tall woman, with the noble oval face that marked the highest type of Grecian beauty, leaned on the arm of a youth, while a little fair-haired boy clung to her skirt. In the background stood a lame slave with eyes fixed on the ground, while the edge of a ghastly scar running underneath his tunic gave a reason for the withered limb. The archon regarded the four for a moment in silence, and then addressed them in a voice cold and impassive as his face. "Ladas and Nestor, children of him that was Milo, captain of the soldiers, and Egeria, wife of the same, hither have you been summoned at the instance of your creditors. Debts to the amount of the half of one talent are recorded against you. Your home is but a hovel, your land untilled and barren, and your one slave a

worthless cripple. Therefore the city allows one year for the cancelation of these lawful debts. At the end of that time, the same remaining unpaid, this family shall be sold as slaves in the public mart for the benefit of its creditors. Thus saith the law of Galatia."

"'T is a hard law," cried the boy, facing the archon unflinchingly, while the mother sobbed aloud, "that enslaves the family of one who died in battle for his city, and whose friends are in exile!"

"Speak not evil of the law, boy!" responded the archon, sternly. "No fault of the law is it that thy father became surety for those who belonged to the accursed Athenian faction and were rightly driven into exile, or that the family of a man are liable for his surety debts."

And the archon, who had come into office when the Athenian party was driven into exile, and hated Athens and all things Athenian with the race-hatred that belonged to his Macedonian blood, called the next case.

It was a sad home-going for the little family. In the west the afterglow of the sunset had begun to pale long before the rude dwelling, now their only shelter, was reached. That night, after the little boy had fallen asleep, Ladas and his mother sat long in the

wavering firelight before the hearth, that sacred heart of a Grecian home. Back in the shadow sat their slave, Phraanes the Dumb; for never since the time that his wound had healed, leaving him with a shrunken limb, had he been heard to speak. Captured in some foray of the city against a tribe of the desert, he had been assigned to Milo, the leader of the hoplites, in the division of the spoil.

Between his master and this strange, silent man, who could outrun and, with his own weapons, outfight any one of the hoplites, there had sprung up a friendship deeper than any suspected. Ever in battle was the slave permitted to fight at his captain's side among the free-men of Galatia. Then came that terrible day when, in a skirmish against the horde of northern barbarians that had swarmed down upon Galatia, the company of Milo had been cut off from the main army by an overwhelming force. They found his body afterward in the midst of a ring of slain, covered with wounds, lying prostrate across Phraanes, who was still breathing. The latter was brought home, and, under Egeria's tender nursing, had at last recovered. Always taciturn, he now became dumb, and, with bowed head and eyes always fixed on the ground, wrought ever at such labor as his crippled state would allow. He had been the mainstay of the family during dark days of debt and shame. For the leader of the hoplites had been a surety to several of his friends who belonged to the Athenian party in the city, and whom the Macedonian faction, upon coming into power, had driven into exile. Then, by the stern Galatian code, Milo, and his family after him, became liable for all the debts that the fugitives had been forced to leave unpaid.

For a long time Egeria gazed at the fire with hot dry eyes.

"Ah, the cruelty and shame of it all!" she broke forth at last, "that the sons of my blood, and I myself whose ancestors were of the gods, should be sold as slaves! Ah, I cannot bear it!" And the stricken woman burst into a passion of weeping, withal vainly trying to keep back her sobs lest the little Nestor should be awakened.

Ladas strove to console her, his heart nearly

broken the while, for never before had he seen his mother so give way, not even when the dead body of Milo was borne home.

"A year is long," he said, striving to speak hopefully, "and I have a plan, mother mine. Before the time has gone come the great Olympic Games. By toiling mightily, perchance I can gain enough to pay Timon the trainer to teach me the lore of racing. For I am fleet of foot, and the family of him who could win the race need, as thou knowest, never fear debt nor want throughout all Greece, even to the farthest province."

Suddenly from out of the darkness came a voice unheard throughout long years—the voice of the slave. It was to the mother almost as if the dead Milo had spoken. Into the circle of the firelight strode Phraanes, no longer the Dumb. The eyes, downcast so wearily long, burned level under the black brows. The bent form stood again erect, and, in spite of the shriveled limb, it was no longer a broken-spirited cripple, but Phraanes the Swift, Phraanes the Warrior, who spoke.

"Art sure of the words thou saidst, O Ladas, son of my lord?" slowly questioned the slave, in a voice hoarse and faltering from long disuse.

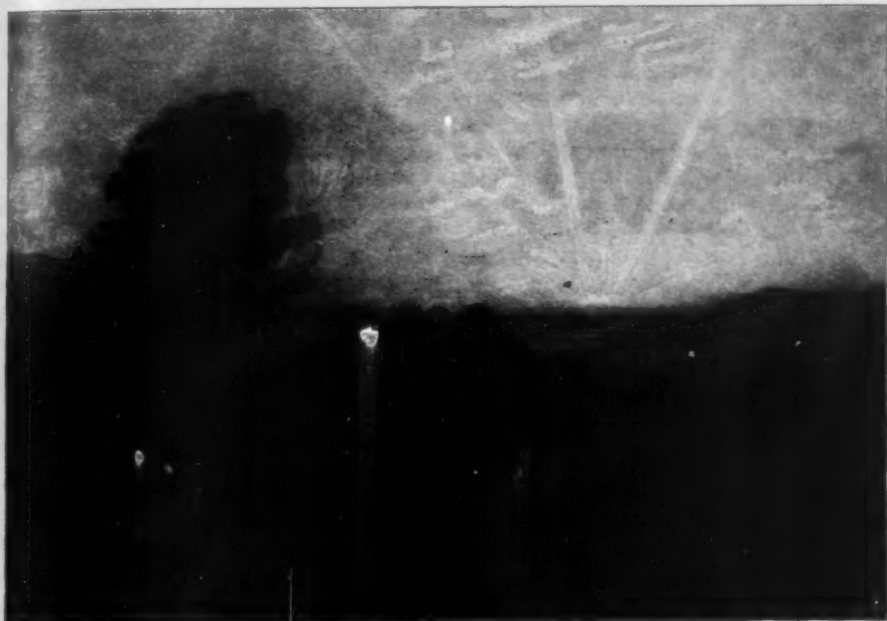
Ladas was too startled by the transformation to do more than nod assent.

"Then hear me, O race of Milo," continued Phraanes, and his voice rang now clear and compelling as a trumpet-note. "Between Milo, the commander of troops, and me, a slave, was such love as only strong men feel who have stood back to back amid the deadly din of blows, and won through many a hard-fought day together. At the last came that battle when, hemmed in by the enemy, the Greeks fought until none were on their feet, save only Milo the captain and Phraanes the slave. Then did it chance that one ran within the sword-sweep, and down my thigh ripped a curved blade, for always fought I uncovered, as my fathers before me. The accursed one was dead before he could withdraw the knife, but my strength flowed with the blood, and even in the midst of a stroke I fell forward on my face. Nothing more I knew until they lifted the body of my lord from mine, protecting me even in death."

There was a pause, broken only by a sob from Egeria, as the remembrance of that bitter day came back to her.

"Then came the time that I found myself no longer a man worthy to fight among men,"—and the voice dropped low,—“but only a ‘worthless cripple,’ as thou heardest the archon say this day, and in the despair of my heart I

speed. I, too, have viewed the Olympic Games and the racers therein, and have marveled that such running should win. Slower are the Grecians in the start than the wild dog of the wilderness, who must follow his prey from sun to sun ere, wearied, it be o’ertaken. In the race they wave their arms and waste breath crying on the gods to grant them speed. To



THE VALLEY OF OLYMPIA.

became dumb, nor could I face my kind. Long ago would I have dared to die, but that, even in my worthlessness, some use might I be to the race of my lord."

"A helper indeed hast thou been, our Phraanes," said Egeria, softly, and her eyes became very tender as she remembered how the cripple, hopeless, bent, and dumb, had labored always, night and day, for them all.

Phraanes bent low before his mistress, touching his forehead to her outstretched hand. Then he turned to the boy, and there was the ring of absolute conviction to his words.

"O my Ladas, thou speakest of Timon the trainer. I say to thee that to his mind omens avail more than practice, and sacrifices than

you Greeks running has been but a pastime; among my nation speed means life or death, for, as thou knowest, we desert-dwellers of the north have no horsemen, and the fate of battles must turn on the swiftness of our warriors' feet. Among a nation of runners my father, Aisnax, was swiftest. In the great races of the desert, wherein contended all the peoples that live a life of wanderings in tents, never did he see the back of a runner at the finish. And his fame went forth throughout all the vastness of Scythia, even to the dwellers in the north, the Hyperboreans.

"To me, Phraanes, his son, he told all the wile and wisdom of the track, and the traditions of our tribe, until it came to pass that in the

paces I was ever at his shoulder. And, O my master, all this within the year can I teach to thee, and thou shalt win the race, an thou wilt take old Phraanes as a trainer."

He finished, and laid his massive arm, knotted and gnarled with the hard muscle like to the ribbed branch of some gray old oak, caressingly across the shoulders of Ladas.

"Thou shalt train me, my Phraanes," cried the boy, fired by the slave's words, which came to him almost like a revelation. "If I win, my statue stands before the temple in the ring of the Olympic winners from Galatia; I, and all that bear my name, live as the city's guests, honored in the public hall, and our debts the city takes upon itself; while thou, thou who fought by my dead father's side, shalt dwell with us, a friend and freeman!"

Months after this speaking of Phraanes came the day, long proclaimed by a herald throughout the length and breadth of the province, when every athlete of Galatia met in the games of the city. The winners of each event would be sent with their trainers to Olympia, there to contend in the great quadrennial games for the glory of the province. Even before the dawn, every man, woman, and child of all Galatia, save the sick and slaves, were gathered around the level field just outside the city walls, where the games of the province were held. The aulos, shortest yet most important of the races, came first. Each runner, as he took his place, was greeted with shouts of applause from his friends, save one alone, who, attended only by a limping slave, came to the line almost unnoticed. Only when, at the second word of the starter, the long rank of runners stiffened into position, did he attract any attention. All the others bent forward, one foot on the starting-line, one arm outstretched, the other back—the regulation starting position of a Grecian runner. The last youth alone crouched, and, with both hands on the line and muscles all tense, awaited the final signal.

At the first sound of the word he was off, and yards ahead of the rest before they fairly came into their stride. The fleetest runners of the province heretofore, they strained every muscle to overtake the flying body that flashed

along ahead of them, gleaming in the sunlight. But in vain, in vain, do they cry on Hermes of the winged feet, god of runners, or on the swift Apollo. Like the smooth movement of a coursing hound is the long, even stride of Ladas, while the white arms swinging alternately and the lithe and even poise of the body show the effects of Phraanes's training. As the boy crossed the line marking the finish, easily a winner, the spectators thronged about him, and inquiries as to his name and blood were on every tongue. The Elders, the members of the Council, and all the notables of the city pressed up to congratulate one whose speed surpassed any ever seen on a Galatian course.

"He shall join my squad at once," said Timon the trainer, authoritatively pushing his way through the crowd, "be he whom he may. I doubt not that by a due observance of the auguries I can increase his speed, albeit I like not that barbarian start of his."

"Nay, but I have a trainer," the boy answered quickly, and he laid his bare arm, moist with the sweat of the race, upon the swarthy shoulder of Phraanes, who stood behind him bearing his mantle.

"What, that slave, a limping—" But the trainer ceased speaking suddenly, as with a swift movement Phraanes stepped forward and fixed his fierce eyes upon those of Timon with a look so strangely menacing that the latter shrank back involuntarily.

"Let the lad have whom he will," observed one who wore the insignia of the Council. "Such running hath never before been seen in this city, whoever has taught him."

Long months passed—months to Ladas of the sternest training and the most rigorous practice. At last came the eve of the one hundred and thirty-first Olympiad, and the little city of Olympia, usually so quiet, that stood near the sacred groves and famed course, in a lonely corner of Hellas, was alive with the vast crowd of visitors, who were thronging its streets during the "truce of God" that heralds had proclaimed throughout the Grecian world, the sacred month of the Olympic Games. Such a motley assemblage was never seen at any other time, nor could it have been gathered there

save for the month's safe-conduct extended to all who came.

Richly garmented Athenians jostled against stern-faced, simply clad men of Sparta, while those slept side by side in the crowded inns who, mayhap, a few short weeks before, had met on a battle-field where quarter was not asked or given. Men of every rank and age were there—soldiers, philosophers, and poets, young and old. Only the women stayed lonely at home, by edict of the rulers.

Nor was the throng merely a Grecian one. Everywhere were seen barbarians from the unknown outer world, whose grim faces and garbs were strange to all save those veterans who had seen service in distant provinces. Here a black-robed Egyptian priest, carrying himself with the dignity that the learning of the Pyramids gave, moves slowly through the excited throngs. A little farther on, the vast thews and dark muscles of an Ethiopian from the far-away South-land attract general attention, but the menace of the sable warrior's long javelin and curved belt-dagger discourage curiosity. A slant-eyed, yellow-faced Scythian, from a region as yet beyond even the conquering march of the Macedonian troops, is not so fortunate. The furs that have kept out the cold of arctic winters afford no protection against the storm of ridicule that his odd appearance excites among the laughter-loving Greeks, and the squat figure seems to become even more dwarfed as he strives to hide himself in the throng.

Beside a fountain in the market-place stands a Phrygian flute-player. The shrill notes drown the plash of the water, and reap a rich harvest of coins from the appreciative bystanders. Suddenly the crowd parts. Down the main street sweeps a swaying, dancing band of worshipers on their way to the pillared temple of Dionysus, and the wild, sweet cadence of their chorus sounds high above the many-voiced clamor.

Far across the plain of Elis, in the dark olive-groves where stood the temple of Zeus, slept those who were to compete for the wild-olive wreaths, the winning of which bore with them world-wide fame and fortune. Among the athletes was Ladas, with Phraanes, his silent

trainer, who had been there for the last ten months under the supervision of the Hellenodikæ, or rulers of the games. On the morrow he was to run, not only for fame,—for if he won the aulos his name would be given to the Olympiad, and forever would those four years of Grecian history be known as the Olympiad of Ladas,—but to save himself and those dear to him from shame; for that week expired the year allowed him by Galatian law to cancel his debts. Swiftest of all the Galatian racers had Ladas proved himself, but to-morrow he was to meet the chosen runners of Athens, of Sparta, and of all the provinces, and, in spite of the comforting words of Phraanes, it was but a sleepless night for Ladas.

Morning came at last, and as the red dawn-light crept into the eastern sky, the two attired themselves and hastened to the temple of mighty Zeus. Behind the great altar of Pentelic marble, stained with the life-blood of a quivering victim, was the vast gold-and-ivory statue of the ruler of the gods, the life-work of inspired Phidias. The grand figure, seated in its ivory chair, towered forty feet from the ground, and, extending the eagle-crowned scepter that swayed Olympus, demanded the reverence of mortals. No man could meet the majestic gaze of that deathless face with a lie on his lips. Before the crouched lions that supported the golden footstool of the god were grouped the competitors from all Greece and her provinces, while facing them, beneath the winged spike that stood in the god's left hand, were the ten silent judges of the games, whose stern eyes watched and weighed each athlete that stepped forward, as his name was called, to prove by witnesses the integrity of his character and to take the oath of the Olympic Games.

One by one the awed athletes came forward, until, at last, "Ladas, son of Milo, of the city of Ancyra of the province of Galatia, stand forth!" shouted the herald of the games, and his mighty voice echoed among the temple pillars.

"Who answers for this youth?" again, as Ladas stood before the altar.

"I, Chryses, of the Inner Council of the city of Ancyra, answer for him," responded a calm

voice from the group of witnesses, and a man of majestic bearing stepped forth. "Before great Zeus, this youth is without blemish or stain."

"Take the oath, O Ladas!" rang the great voice again.

The boy laid his right hand in the flowing life-blood of the sacrifice, gazed straight up at the mighty face that towered above him, and unflinching repeated the oath of the games:

"Hear, O Zeus! I who stand before thee now am of pure Hellenic blood, a free son of free parents, neither branded with dishonor nor guilty of any sacrilege. I have duly undergone for ten months the training to fit me to contend before thee, and will so contend, striving earnestly by all lawful means, and without bribery, to obtain victory."

Later, in the northwest corner of the great Altis, filled with the statues of former victors, Ladas and Phraanes waited in the dim dawn-light for the trumpet-note which would summon the former to the stadium.

"Thou art drawn in the third heat," said Phraanes, laying his arm across the boy's shoulders, all a-tremble under the terrible strain of suspense. "Run thou that with the ordinary upright start such as all will use. There are none against thee save new men from distant provinces; but in the last heat Phædo of Athens will push thee hard, for this is but thy first year, and sixteen wreaths has he won at games—Olympic, Pythian, Nemean, and Isthmian. Thou must needs remember every wile that I have taught thee, to touch the marble at the finish in front of him. See to it that—"

But here a trumpet-note cut short all further conversation. The two then separated, Phraanes hastening to the place on the hill Kronion reserved for the men of Galatia, while Ladas joined the little group of competitors that passed through the vaulted passage leading to the stadium.

On each side were long rows of brazen Zanes, whose grim, cold faces had seen generation after generation of runners hasten down the echoing steps toward the stadium to strive for the honor of provinces and cities. As

Ladas stepped forth into the brightening sunlight it was into a tempest of sound. The vast crowd that darkened the sides of the hill Kronion, feverish from a night of waiting, rose to its feet, and a human roar surged across the stadium like the voice of some vast unearthly thing. Through the serried ranks passed the Hellenodikæ with their wands of office, whose slightest motion was law even to the most frenzied of the spectators.

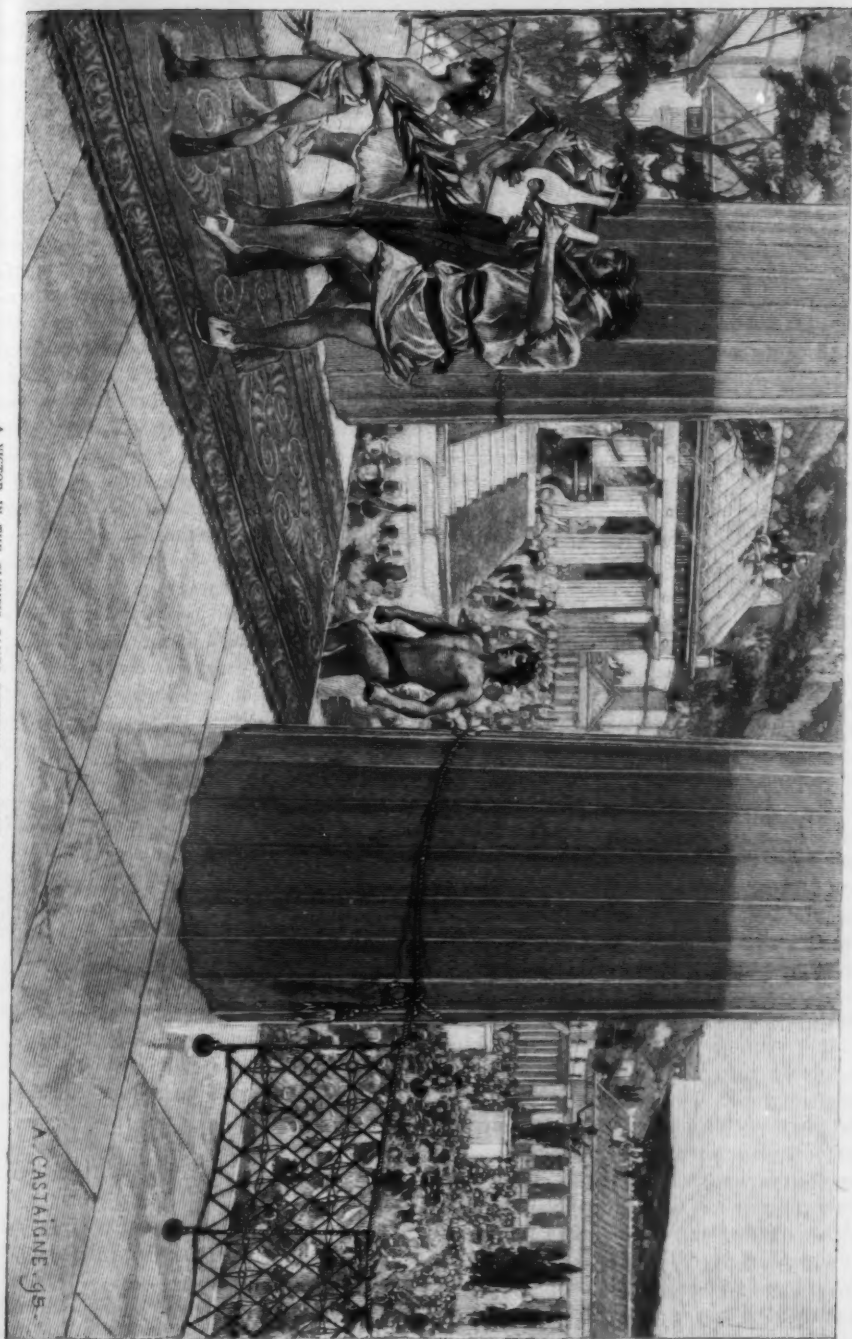
Half stunned by the tumult, Ladas stretched himself on the narrow space of turf next the track, where the runners awaited their heats, pressed his burning face deep into the cool grass, and drew in long breaths of its dewy fragrance. Although the air was warm, he shivered and wrapped himself more closely in the great *chlamys*, or fleece-lined cloak that was the conventional garb of waiting athletes.

Then the wands of the Hellenodikæ were lifted, and in an instant there was a silence, broken only by the high, monotonous tone of the herald as he announced the names and cities of the competitors in the first heat. As they bent forward in a line that reached across the stadium, the muscles of Ladas stiffened involuntarily with theirs. Then came the short, sharp trumpet-note, and they were off.

As Ladas watched the line that flashed forward he saw much to hearten him. Some of the racers cried out shrilly to their gods as they ran, and the awkward play of their arms and legs was far different from the clean, machine-like motion that old Phraanes had taught the boy. Unconsciously Ladas sat up, and the loud beating of his heart no longer seemed to fill his ears. "I could give any of those five cubits and overtake them on the start," he thought joyously.

But the next heat dispelled rudely his dreams of an easy victory. Phædo, the Athenian, ran in that heat, and Ladas saw instantly that there was a competitor whose speed far outstripped all that he had seen. His left arm to the shoulder was red with the blood of a wild deer, sacrificed that morning to Hermes, the winged one; for Phædo believed much in sacrifice. At the trumpet-note he was off a stride before the others, and his every motion showed the training and experience that years of competition at the four

A VICTOR IN THE OLYMPIC GAMES ENTERING THE TEMPLE OF ZEUS.



great sacred games had given him. Half-way down the stadium he led by nearly double his own length.

Then, with a quick glance over his shoulder at the laboring runners behind him, by degrees his pace slackened; for Phædo was no novice, to make any unnecessary effort in what was only a preliminary heat. As he half turned to look back Ladas saw the red emblem of the sea-god, an image of a fish, burned deeply in just above the heart, showing with strange vividness against the snowy skin, and he remembered that Phædo was of the Poseidonic Brotherhood, one of the oldest and most powerful of those mystic orders whose origin went back to the days when the gods still dwelt among men. To this none were eligible save certain of the priesthood—who prepared themselves for the dread honor only by years of endurance—and the winners of the Isthmian Games, whose bravery had been proved by dread initiatory rites. Free were these Brethren of the Sea to voyage on any vessel of Greece, the provinces, or the isles, while even the Phœnicians, those sea-rovers who feared no man, granted all honor to the wearer of the symbol of great Dagon, the fish-god; for the Brethren were forever exempt from all perils of wreck or storm, and Poseidon extended like protection to the ship and the crew with whom they were associated.

This honor, which only age and a life of endeavor could bring to other men, Phædo, still in his youth, had won almost in a day, and Ladas remembered certain ringing lines of the blind Homer that his mother had read to him: "Throughout life a man hath naught more glorious than what he wins with his hands or his feet." And if he but won to-day, what glory greater than all would be his—the glory of restoring those of his race and blood to the proud place they had once held in the city, the glory of saving his mother, his brother, and himself from unspeakable shame! And the boy's teeth clenched together grimly, and very suddenly all the tremor, all the fear, was gone; the dogged fighting blood that had come down to him through a long line of warrior ancestors was stirred. 'T was a fight with all Greece, and the odds against him, but win he would; and

the boy felt the strange calm that comes to him who has once nerved himself to fight undauntedly, desperately, despairingly it may be, but still to fight through to the end, whatever that end may be.

The great voice of the herald sounded along the hillside, and the first name was "Ladas of the province of Galatia." A shout to the patron god of the province went up from the north-eastern end of the hill: "Galatia! Galatia! Ares for Galatia!" And Ladas thrilled all over as he heard the voice of his city, and realized how dear to him was his birthplace, and how to-day its honor lay in his hands. He listened intently as, one by one, the other contestants were called and ranged themselves by his side. All were unknown novices. Every runner who during recent years had achieved aught of reputation, either in the national or provincial races, had become known to Ladas, by name at least, during these last few months of training. With a feeling of intense relief, he faced up the stadium as the starter gave the first word, and assumed the position for the Grecian start, in accordance with Phraanes's directions. Bending lithely forward, he darted off at the last signal a little ahead of the other runners, despite the unfamiliar method of starting. Before he had taken half a score of strides, by that indefinable instinct that comes to a runner, he knew, without glancing back, that he was easily drawing away from the others.

Imperceptibly he slackened his pace when once assured that his opponents were running at the limit of their speed, and foot by foot they crept up. The awkward fling, too, of their limbs he imitated somewhat, disguised the smooth, rhythmic beat of his feet by clumsy movements, ran as if greatly exhausted, and finally staggered in, a winner by a few inches. It was of the craft of Phraanes that none should know of his pupil's real speed until the last heat; for the old racer well knew that, especially in a short race, a surprise might turn the scale.

"'T is but a young runner that wins," quoth the grizzled Athenian trainer to Phædo, who stood watching the heat critically. "Not till another Olympiad will he be skilled enough to hasten thee. To-day it is the Wolf from Sparta

and that accursed 'Girl' from Corinth whom thou must fear."

Like words spoke all the trainers to their charges ere Ladas joined the group of waiting athletes, that was waning with every heat. He alone of all the runners was attended by no trainer, for none save free-born men of Hellenic parents were allowed to enter the sacred inclosure of the stadium. Lonely he wrapped the fleecy cloak around his bare shoulders and paced back and forth, while the others looked at him askance, and the trainers sneered audibly at the young runner who competed unattended; but on Ladas's left wrist was the gleaming golden circlet that the elder of the judges had clasped on for him as winner of an Olympiad heat,—an honor in itself that was worth years of striving,—and in his ears still rang the great shout of triumph that had gone up from the men of Galatia at the words of the herald:



ALMOST AT THE GOAL.

"Ladas of the province of Galatia wins the third course!"

The next heat went to Lycaon the Spartan, the "Wolf"—so named from that grim winter's night when, alone and on foot, he had run

down a gray wolf of the forest, and killed him with no other weapons than his hands and teeth.

The last heat was taken by Arcesilaus, the runner from Corinth, surnamed the "Girl," from the fairness of his face and the effeminacy of his manners; yet underneath that soft exterior was concealed a fire and a fury of courage that had made him one of the most noted of all the Grecian racers in long or short races.

Now came a brief interval of rest, while the trainers with supple hands and limpid oil rubbed out the last vestige of fatigue from limbs on whose speed that day depended the honor of a city. As the mighty-voiced herald called forth the names and cities of the heat-winners, they ranged themselves at the start in the order of their names.

First was a Thessalian, a heavy-featured, sturdily built mountaineer; next to him stood a Cretan, sly-faced and treacherous-eyed: slow runners both, who chanced to be the swift-est in their heats. Then came Ladas, with Phædo of Athens next. Side by side with

Phædo was the Wolf of Sparta, while, last of all, on the farthest right was the Girl of Corinth, twirling a freshly plucked rose in his white be-ringed fingers.

As the runners ranged themselves in line, far down the sandy course, back of the sunken marble slab that marked the goal, rose the elder of the judges to call down the blessing of great Zeus, the ruler of the gods, upon the coming Olympiad; for each Olympiad bore the name of the winner of the race. The Olympiad of Phædo was drawing to its close, and this race determined whose name the next four years of Greece should bear.

"Look well, O Hellas!" cried the elder from his carved marble seat, holding aloft the sacred cup of the games, brimming with the crimson wine. "Is there aught of evil known against these who run to-day before the deathless, all-knowing gods?" An instant of silence, and "The blessing of great Zeus be on the coming Olympiad, and him who names it!" cried the elder, and the crimson drops fell as an oblation upon the goal-slab. Scarcely had they stained the snowy marble when there

sounded the trumpet-note that warned the runners to take their positions. Instantly the line bent forward, and all save the runner of Galatia leaned over with arm outstretched, left foot on the mark, ready to stride forth at the last trumpet-call. Ladas alone crouched at the feet of the others, both hands white to the knuckles with the pressing on the starting-line, and every muscle in his lithe body tense to shoot him forward at the first sound of the trumpet.

A murmur of astonishment went up from the audience as, for the first time, the barbarian start of the desert was seen on an Olympic stadium. From the corner of his eye Phædo saw, with a vague feeling of uneasiness, the figure crouching below him, while at the farther end the Girl of Corinth lost somewhat of his unconcerned bearing; there was a troubled frown on the Wolf's stern face, and the whole line was pervaded with the anxiety that something unexpected causes. Insensibly the strained attention for the first sound of the starting note relaxed.

It came, the clear call to every man to run that day for all that life held dear.

At the first throb of sound on the air, Ladas, with a panther-like spring, is off and into his stride an instant before his startled opponents. A third of the way down the course he is leading by over his own length. Back of him on the left he can hear the muttered ejaculations of the Thessalian and the runner from Crete, as they cry to the gods for fleetness, but cry in vain, for with every stride the others draw away from them. Nearest to Ladas is Phædo, surprised at such swiftness from one whom he had considered an untrained novice, but running craftily as ever, waiting for the finish, where he counts upon the tremendous burst of speed that has snatched for him so many races out of the very jaws of defeat. On the far right, the Corinthian, his assumed girlishness cast aside, is running like a demon neck and neck with the Wolf of Sparta, the two but half a stride behind Phædo.

But it is to Phædo that the knowing ones look to win the race, for the leader from Galatia is but an unknown runner. On the right the madness of the race has fallen upon the farther two, and, though lessening the space

that separates them from the leaders, they are running at the very limit of their speed in this first third of the race. But Phædo seems to be husbanding his strength for a last desperate effort. There is no sound from the watching multitude, and in the tense silence the beat of the runners' feet upon the yellow sand, the gasping intake of their quick breathing, and their murmured cries to patron gods all are heard with strange distinctness. As the warm blood rushes through the veins of the Galatian boy, it carries away all the fear, all the oppression, that has weighed upon him. As in a dream, outside of himself, he seems to be watching, watching the race and his own speed dispassionately, impersonally.

Never before has every faculty acted with such absolute coolness and accuracy. Every word of the counsel that Phraanes has again and again given him for this his life-race comes to him now. With slanting, backward glance he sees the runners on the left dropping back, those on the right doing their uttermost; only Phædo he sees not—Phædo, crafty as swift.

Little by little he slackens his speed to spare himself for what is to be the final struggle with Phædo; and now the mad rush of the two on the right brings them up beside Ladas. The boy lengthens his stride, and for a moment the dark, swarthy visage of the Wolf, with the veins all swollen and black from struggling, the face of the Girl, wild-eyed, with a tiny crimson stream staining the dainty chin where the clenched teeth have pierced the lower lip, and the calm, uneager countenance of Ladas are in line.

But soon the straining efforts of the two on the right begin to tell, and slowly they draw away from the boy until there is a clear space between. Ladas holds the same pace, watching only that the little gap shall not widen. Still Phædo makes no sign, though near enough for Ladas to hear his rapid breathing close at his shoulder; nor, though the boy lags all that he dares, will Phædo draw up side by side; and Ladas knows that to-day the race is between Athens and Galatia, for already his practised eyes see the tiny fatal falter in the stride of the leaders. That desperate struggling from the very start is be-

ginning to tell, and the life and dash at the finish which wins a race has gone.

And now the white goal-stone of the young boys, who run a shorter course at the games than the men, is reached. The last third of the race is at hand.

Scarcely have they swung by it when, with a mad rush, Phædo shoots past Ladas, running as Ladas never saw man run before, eyes fixed on the goal, flaming under his heavy brows like altar-coals, his blood-stained arm gleaming back and forth with every quick, plunging stride.

A voice shrilled and broken, with a passion of pleading in its tone, sounds above the hoarse monotone of the Spartan, who shouts to the patron god of Lacedæmon. "Hear, O Poseidon, hear!" it calls. "The race grant thou to me, to me who shed my blood for thee on the Shore of Dread!"

Unlawful words are they, words telling what many a priest in the vast audience trembled to hear. Only the desperation of the finish could have wrung them from Phædo, for, though he has flashed past the laboring leaders, right at his heel comes the rapid footfall of the Galatian boy. Clearer and clearer it sounds, run as he will. Every faculty and fiber in Ladas's mind and body is concentrated on keeping unbroken the long, swift stride that Phraanes has taught him, which eats up the ground like fire. With elbows held well in, and swinging arms that lengthen every stride, he wastes no breath shouting invocations.

A single slip or falter will be fatal now, with the goal distant but a few short lengths, and as his limbs weaken under the terrible strain, the strength of his will sustains his flag-

ging muscles, and still the flying feet spurn the loose sand with never a break in their motion. Deep down within himself Ladas feels yet remaining an iota of reserve power. The temptation is almost irresistible to make his effort now, now to end the suspense and decide the race; but to his mind come the words of crafty old Phraanes: "With a stout heart and cool head the race can be won in the very last stride," and the supreme moment is delayed. Just ahead a flying figure dances before his dimming sight, and he wonders how feels Phædo, and whether aught of his strength also has been saved. And now a mad shout from the crowded seats of the Athenians roars forth across the stadium as they see Phædo in the lead at the very finish. "Athene! Athene!" they shout. "Pallas Athene gives us the race!" The cheers of the little group of Galatians are swallowed up in the great cry, but Ladas needs no applause to nerve him on. Now, at the very last, the wan, beautiful face of his mother is before him, and he remembers the two, lonely at home, waiting, waiting for the outcome of this day, for their glory or for their shame. Already the goal is scarce three strides away, and Phædo laughs with triumph, when suddenly the face of Ladas shoots up even with his. For an instant, that seems hours of struggling, the two waver side by side, and then with a last desperate effort the boy of Galatia draws ahead and touches the goal-slab, even while the foot of the Athenian hangs above it.

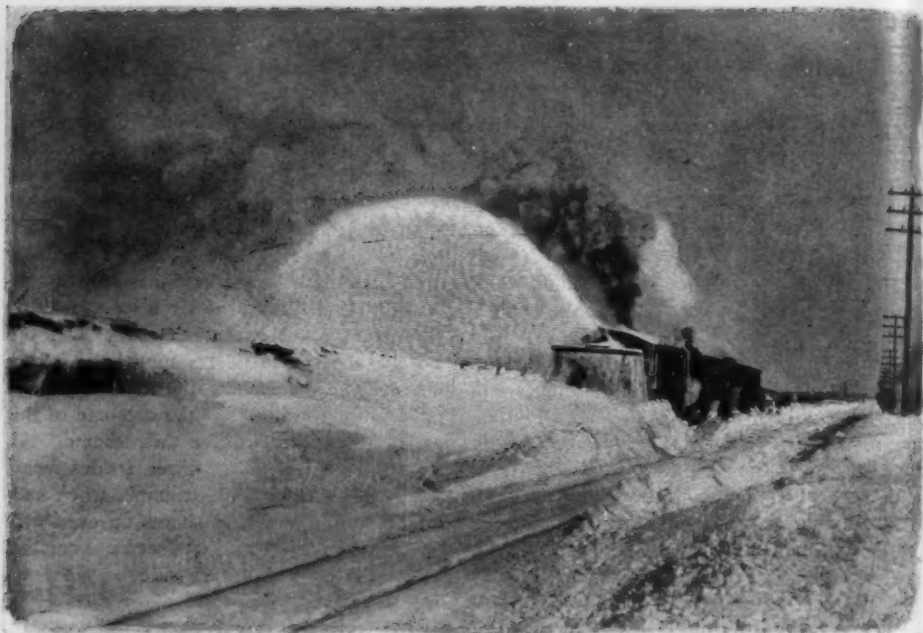
With the mighty shout of an assembled world begins the Olympiad of Ladas.



OLYMPIA TO-DAY.

SNOW-PLOWS.*

BY GEORGE E. WALSH.



A ROTARY PLOW THROWING THE SNOW CLEAR OF THE TRACK.

RIDING on an engine at the rate of from sixty to seventy miles an hour is an experience exciting enough to convince most of us that nature never intended that we should be railroad engineers; but it is hardly an incident to riding on a snow-bucking engine when engaged in forcing a tunnel through immense snow-drifts with a wood-faced, steel-shod plow. The modern "rotary" has made the old snow-plows out-of-date, and robbed the Western blizzard of half its terrors. The great rotary makes a picturesque sight as it cuts through the snow like a cheese-paring knife going through its favorite

medium, and the wonderful cataract of snow crystals that it hurls high into the air can be likened only to Niagara when its spray is carried like a mist in dense clouds far to one side.

When the bright morning sun, crisp and cold as a Klondike winter, comes out after a blizzard, and glints upon the sea of frozen snow, it forms a rainbow out of every curved hillside, and turns the cloud of flakes hurled up by the rotary into millions of descending diamonds.

But those who know aught of snow-bucking must feel a lingering sense of regret that science is robbing the great West of one of its most pic-

* The photographs illustrating this article are from scenes along the line of the Long Island Railroad Company, and are used by the courtesy of that company.

turesque winter scenes. For a quarter of a century fighting snow in the blizzard-swept States of the Northwest has been a task that has enlisted all the enthusiasm, heroism, and intelligence of a people devoted to the work of conquering nature in her roughest moods. For months at a time, year after year, it looked as if nature had the better of the fight, and for whole weeks man's greatest efforts seemed futile and weak indeed. The warfare was carried on unceasingly, but every blizzard stalled the iron horses and made their power as useless as the strength of a child.

It was on the bleak Dakota plains that the following happened—in the days when the old-fashioned bucking-plow had reached the height of its power, and was ready to succumb to the more efficient rotary. Year after year the order had gone forth from headquarters: "Build larger and heavier plows." The officials tried to make up in size and weight what the plows lacked in other respects. The evolution of the small bucking-plow of twenty years ago into the immense Congdon plow, faced with wood and shod with steel, marks the exciting stages of desperate snow-fighting in the West. Two or three big eight- or ten-wheel engines were necessary to back up this immense plow—to give it the right pitch and force to hurl it through the tons of snow.

The limit of size and weight seemed to have been reached, when the rotary appeared to solve the problem.

Early fall sometimes brought winter in full blast upon the Western plains, and the superintendent of the "chain-gang" generally had his men and plows ready long before Thanksgiving. An early blizzard might swoop down upon the country at any moment, and to find the railroad officials unprepared for it meant losses mounting well up into thousands of dollars. Plows, engines, "drag-outs," and shovels were all put in perfect order, awaiting the approach of a storm.

It came one fall earlier than usual; it was a month before the Christmas season, and by the time that festival arrived the snow-fighters felt that already they had had a winter of it. The wind first blew a soft gale across the cold country; then the flakes of

snow descended in the most harmless sort of way, followed later by a biting wind and a rapidly falling thermometer. Like most blizzards, it came in like a lamb, and went out like a roaring lion. By noon the officials scanned the heavens apprehensively; by sundown the words of the tickers were watched eagerly as reports came pouring in from all directions, indicating a wide-spread storm. It was hardly dusk before the order was issued to get ready a few of the lighter snow-plows. These were always run out first, and nearly always were stuck in the snow. If the storm proved a mild one they would keep the tracks clear for ordinary traffic. But if the blizzard was correctly reported—and the worst was expected—the largest plows were called into service to head the procession that went sliding out into the white unknown world.

Except for short stretches, the plows were not sent out until the despatches began to indicate trouble. The reports showed that the trains were moving slower and slower on the whole line, and finally one was reported missing. She left Pinto or Baton at 10:30, and she should have reached Stratton at 10:45. But it was eleven, and she had not been heard from in half an hour. Apprehension grew in the office, and the fear that something had happened made the train-despatcher more careful with his table of other trains. A little later the ticker at Stratton announced that the engineer of the missing train had reached the station through the snow, reporting that his train was stalled in a deep cut a mile or two down the track. Orders followed thickly now, sending out snow-plows and shovels to the stalled train. These were hardly despatched before news of other stalled and missing trains came pouring in from other points on the line.

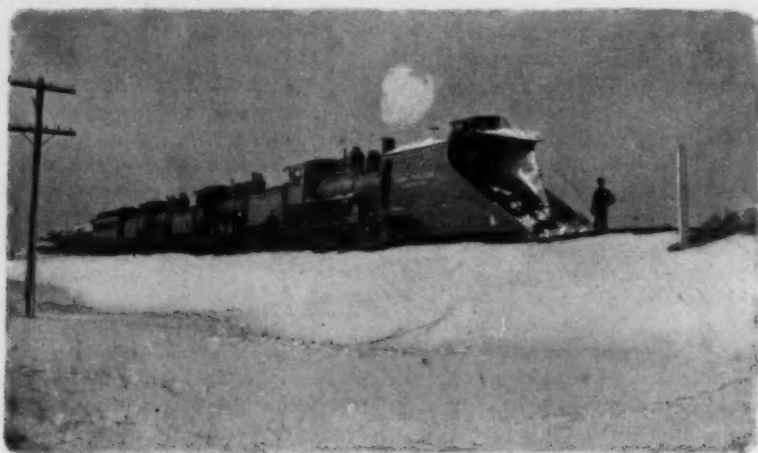
By midnight there was a general tie-up, and the train service was demoralized. The blizzard was meanwhile raging with all its customary fury, and the mantle of snow was growing thicker every minute. But the officials were rendered powerless. Somewhere out on the prairies there were several hundred passengers cut off from warmth and food. Should they perish, the company would be held responsible, and incur financial burdens that would be more than

likely to swamp the road. Not only women and children, but car-loads of live cattle, were in the stalled cars, and before morning the poor animals might perish from the excessive cold.

The anxiety in the office was intense at this state of affairs, but nothing could be done until the storm had abated somewhat. If the track made by the snow-plows should close up behind them and cut them off from their supply of fuel, the difficulties of the road would be more than doubled. So the superintendent and his men waited with what patience they could until morning should dawn, and the blizzard show signs of ending. Train crews and snow-shovelers slept in the roundhouse, ready for an

see ahead well, and the conductor has to direct him from his position on top of the cab, where a small cupola has been built. Behind the two engines driving the snow-plow comes the drag-out, and a train of cars loaded with provisions, clothing, extra coal, and a crew of shovelers. The drag-out remains at a respectful distance behind the snow-plow, and has an easy time of it in rolling over tracks cleared of snow by the plows.

Out of the yard the procession moves. Then it reaches the plains, and as the snow has drifted off the track on the level, the plows have little difficulty in cleaning them of what remains. A twenty- or thirty-mile gait is struck,



A WEDGE-PLOW PUSHED BY THREE LOCOMOTIVES.

instant start when the order should come, and the engines were provided with all the coal, oil, and water they could carry. Steam had been up to a heavy pressure all night, and the great snow-plows had been buckled to the front of the powerful ten-wheeler. Sometimes the snow superintendent and his eager men were kept waiting for days for a blizzard to end.

The welcome word to attack the snow finally comes, and the plows leave the yard for their various destinations. On the main line the heaviest plows are used. One of these towers up almost to the top of the engine-stack, so that it can tackle the highest drifts that may be met. The engineer in his caboose cannot

and the snow flies on either side of the plow as if shot out from a cannon. If no stalled trains are reported in this section, and no serious cuts are met with, the snow-plow goes merrily along, and the men join in the enthusiasm of the great inanimate machine, that seems suddenly endowed with life. But after a long run the plows cut the snow less swiftly and the speed of the train is slackened. A huge drift has packed across the track ahead. The train is stopped short of it, and the superintendent walks ahead to examine it. If he thinks the plows can go through it without the aid of the shovelers, the train backs up a mile or two, and then, under a thundering headway, it comes

down upon the drift with an impetus that fairly lifts the huge engines from the track. The drift. There is a sigh of relief from the half-smothered conductor overhead, and a shout of glee from the trainmen.



A ROTARY FLOW STANDING IN A DRIFT. FRONT VIEW, SHOWING THE CUTTING-WHEEL.

Another run across the country is then made, and in the crisp morning air the journey is exhilarating. But there is a dangerous cut ahead, and the engineer slows up instinctively. This cut is a natural receptacle for snow, and there is no likelihood of its being open this time. The great snow-

plow pokes its nose close up to the beginning of the cut, and then the superintendent again runs

first impact into the snow-drift gives a dull thud and jolt to the train; then all is darkness as the engine dives into the drift and bores its way through. The speed is slowly reduced, although the throttle of the engine is wide open, and for a few moments there is some anxiety as to whether the powerful engines will get through the mass before their headway is stopped entirely. It is a moment of intense suspense as the train gradually slows up and comes almost to a standstill. Then suddenly light shoots out of the darkness ahead, the speed of the puffing engines increases, and in another moment we are clear of the snow-

plow pokes its nose close up to the beginning of the cut, and then the superintendent again runs



VIEW OF TRACKS FREED OF SNOW, THE CLEAR CUT MADE BY THE ROTARY FLOW, AND THE SNOW AS FORCED BACK BY THE WEDGE-FLOW.

ahead to make examination. This time he decides that it is too great a risk to attempt to force

the plow through the densely packed snow. There is danger of the plow leaving the track and causing a general wreck and tangle. So, in no uncertain voice, he orders the two hundred or so shovelers out of their car, and under his direction they undermine the great bank of snow. The science of engineering is displayed here, for the drift must be honeycombed in such a way that the plow will be enabled to pass clean through it. Trenches, holes, and tunnels are cut in the deepest places. Then the two engines with the snow-plow back up probably two miles to get under sufficient headway. The plow is examined and found to be in good condition. Then, with a piercing whistle, the engines start forward. This is the most picturesque and awe-inspiring run of any. The throttle is thrown wide open, and the engines rush forward with mad impetuosity. Before half the distance is covered you are swinging through the air at forty miles an hour, and by the time the cut is reached the speed has increased to sixty or seventy. To be hurled against a gigantic snow wall at this rate of speed is an experience sufficient to daunt the stoutest heart. The conductor crouches down in the caboose, the windows are tightly closed, and the snow-curtains drawn. There is a moment of sickening suspense, then a dull thud and shock, and then complete darkness and a sensation that you are being whirled downward by some mighty and irresistible power. It is only the mighty snow-plow pushing its way through the snow, but the queer sensation makes you hold your breath.

To cap the climax, the engines stop. You open the snow-curtains. All is dark. You are buried ten feet deep in snow, the engines are stalled, and the magnificent snow-plow is overcome by the force of the tons of snow. There is nothing to do until the snow-shovelers have dug you out. Then, with the help of the ten-wheel drag-out engine, the plow is pulled back from her bed of snow. Again and again the operation is repeated until the cut is cleared.

Outside, the scene is even more picturesque, for the force of the snow-plow sends the white crusts in the air as if a huge mine had been exploded. For a hundred feet on either side the snow falls in showers of diamonds, burying out of sight any who may venture too near the track.

Sometimes the shock of striking the snow at a sixty-mile gait smashed things generally in the cab, and knocked every one down. The snow flew into the caboose, and that and the escaping steam nearly suffocated you. The fight went on in this way day after day until the line was cleared. Then very likely another blizzard would come after the first, and make it necessary to do the work all over again. It was often discouraging and hopeless work the long winter through, and when the dawn of the spring sun melted the mantle of white that had shrouded the landscape for five months, the snow-fighters gave a sigh of relief.

The advent of the rotary snow-plow has robbed the Western roads of much of these old-time terrors, but it has also abolished a picturesque and exciting warfare between man and nature in her roughest, wildest mood.

JINGLE.

BY JOEL STACY.

THERE once was a knowing raccoon
Who did n't believe in the moon.

"Every month—don't you see?—

"There 's a new one," said he.

"No *real* moon could wear out so soon!"

ALL THROUGH GRAVITATION.

BY MARY V. WORSTELL.

IF you had seen Natalie Thayer in January, on her way to school, you would have said she was a lucky little girl. She was nearly smothered in warm fur rugs; she wore the jauntiest little brown jacket and held the daintiest little brown muff you ever saw. Her pretty brown hair was nearly covered by a brown velvet tam-o'-shanter. In short, when she stepped from the cutter, her father said she looked like a "study in sepia."

If you had seen her a month later you would have said she was deserving of much pity. She looked more like a "study in indigo" than like anything else. She was curled up on a blue lounge, and she wore a blue flannel wrapper. Her expression matched both, but you must not therefore infer that she was bad-tempered. Nearly any little girl of twelve would look despondent at the thought of being kept indoors for several weeks with a broken arm.

I must tell you as well as I can how the accident happened. It was the work of a moment. When school was over, one day, Natalie was going slowly downstairs. She had gone two thirds of the way when above her, on the stairs, came a little cry, and then the sound of something falling. She looked up and saw Mabel Davidson, a little girl from the kindergarten, falling — falling. She would soon reach the bottom of the stairs, where the stone walk began.

Natalie saw that there was not an instant to lose. She must prevent her from falling to the bottom. She extended one hand for the child, while she clutched the railing with the other. When Mabel was within reach she grasped her arm and held her. But the child's weight was greater than Natalie thought. She checked the fall, but not until her arm had received a dreadful wrench — and then, oh, what pain!

Help was summoned, and Natalie soon found herself in her own room at home. A season of

suffering followed, and about the only spots of brightness that illumined those short winter days were frequent calls from Mrs. Davidson — who realized that but for Natalie's courage her own little girl might have received serious injuries — and the regular visits of genial Dr. Barton, who assured the patient of complete recovery by the spring.

Mr. Thayer did all in his power to make the time pass quickly and pleasantly for his motherless little daughter; and so did Aunt Janet, who, in her stiff and precise but kindly way, did her best to fill the place left vacant three years before by the death of Natalie's mother. How many entertaining books were taken from the library and read aloud to Natalie! — The "Tom Brown" books, "The Birds' Christmas Carol" (over which she laughed and cried), "The Story of a Bad Boy" (who, she thought, might have been a great deal worse), and I don't know how many others.

When Dr. Barton, with a sly twinkle in his eye, asked Natalie where her instructive books were, her father answered for her, and said there was plenty of time for those — later.

There was still another pleasure — a great pleasure — that was hers: brother Joe's letters. Dear Joe! How good and thoughtful he was to find time, in spite of all his studies at Harvard College, to write two or three times every week to his little sister! What though "the fellows" sometimes laughed at him because he received so many letters — addressed in a stiff, girlish little hand to "Joseph Thayer, Jr."? Why, Joe just pulled that little mustache of his, and wore a scowl — and realized in his heart how dear the motherless little sister was to him, and how important a place she filled in his pictures of the future. As for his letters, Natalie thought them simply delightful. Aunt Janet sometimes wounded her pride a trifle by calling her, to her face, a "little girl." Joe never did that. He

treated her almost as if she were a grown-up young lady. *He* did n't "talk down" to her because she was only twelve. She was his loyal friend and confidante, and could have told you more about his college life than his father could. Mr. Thayer was very proud of his studious, promising son, but his business cares were engrossing and drove from his mind many little incidents of Joe's life at Harvard that Natalie remembered and pondered over.

He wrote her about his studies and his friends, and especially about his particular friend, Tom Hunter, who was a tutor. He wrote in one letter:

Tom and I went into Boston yesterday, and whom do you suppose we met on Washington Street? A little elderly gentleman with the merriest brown eyes and the briskest walk. Who do you think he was? I shall not tell you till I send my next letter. Meanwhile, if you cannot guess, ask father or Aunt Janet. Tell them, for a clue, that he is Boston's most distinguished citizen. I



"LOOK HERE, JOE—WHAT DO YOU CALL THAT?" HE ASKED EXCITEDLY." (SEE PAGE 494.)

wish he might have been a trifle taller. But no; come to think of it, I do not want him other than he is. He sometimes lectures in the medical school, and when he does the fellows listen breathlessly—not so much because they are infatuated with science as because they don't want to miss his witticisms. He knows the boys expect the bright sayings, and he never disappoints them. He has n't outgrown his own boyhood yet.

Natalie guessed at once, without help from any one, who it was that Joe meant; for had she not read "The Voiceless," and "The Chambered Nautilus," and "Bill and Joe," till she knew them by heart? Had n't her own dear brother Joe read to her all of this writer's "college poems," and confided to her that he would almost be willing to be an old man himself if he might have been one of the famous "class of '29"?

A letter which Natalie considered a very important one came sometime in March. It ran as follows:

DEAR NATALIE: I have such a jolly good piece of luck, I must tell you of it at once. I wrote a few verses not long ago. Tom H. saw them on my desk, and asked if he might read them. He praised them, and advised me to send them to the editor of a certain monthly magazine. Well, I did so, though with very little hope, I can tell you. Now, will you believe it? The editor actually sent me a check for fifteen dollars for them!

What shall I do with so much money? If it were a thousand times as much, it would not pay for all that I have planned, at different times, to buy with it. I feel as if I ought to put it into something that will be a lasting memento of this literary feat, which I fear I cannot perform a second time. What would *you* do with so much money? It is burning a hole in my pocket.

Your affectionate brother,

JOE.

For several days Natalie thought the question over, but could arrive at no satisfactory result, so the concluding paragraph of her next letter to Joe ran thus:

I really do not know what to advise you to get with all that money. Papa says you might buy a house on Beacon Street, and Aunt Janet suggests that you send it to the heathen. Of course they are only joking. You will think of something nice yourself, I know. When you decide, please write me. But, dear Joe, are you sure you cannot write some more poems? I am sure you can. Try, anyway.

So Joe did try. He tried his best, and he met with the reward that usually comes to those who do their best. He succeeded in having accepted not only another contribution, but sev-

eral. The days went by, and still no record of any important purchase came in Natalie's letters. March had passed, and when the April breezes had blown away the fogs and dampness of winter, and Natalie's arm was nearly well, there came from Joe the most delightful and welcome gift that could be imagined. His sister acknowledged it as follows:

MY DEAR JOE: How can I ever thank you for your beautiful present! Now I know what the "lasting memento" is. When I came down to breakfast this morning I found in the hall, a beautiful bicycle. Something told me it was from you, Joe, before papa told me. I had to try it at once, though you know the hall is too short to ride in. I am going out very soon on a trial trip, for my arm has improved very much this past week. I shall think of you very often. Two of my friends have bicycles, and the other day I asked papa if he would get me one. He said, "We'll see"; but I believe now that he knew you were going to buy one. I never can earn money by writing poetry, but I hope some day that I may be able to buy you a splendid bicycle. So, if ever any money falls from the sky, where I can pick it up, you know what to expect from

Your grateful and loving

NATALIE.

This was the beginning of many happy days. Outdoor exercise in the mild spring air was all that was needed to bring the bloom of health to Natalie's cheeks, and every day a brisk ride of a few miles on the bicycle hastened the cure. Long rides were taken over smooth roads bordered by fine old trees, under whose shade Natalie halted for rest when the sun was warm.

One day, barely a mile from home, when searching for ferns, Natalie found some curious yellow flowers, something like the "lady-slippers" Aunt Janet loved so well, but much larger. "These are lovely," thought Natalie, "and they will look pretty on the tea-table." So a bunch was gathered and placed in a little basket swung on the handle-bars. Over them she laid some broad leaves to protect them from the sun. But the wind! she must guard against that! Most of the homeward way was downhill, and the leaves might be blown away. A black, heavy stone, as big as Natalie's hand, was lying close by. Placing that carefully on the stems of the flowers, she felt that the contents of the basket were secure.

The homeward trip, being downhill, was made in a few minutes. She soon turned into



"FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS CALLED, BEGGING FOR A SIGHT OF THE CURIOSITIES." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

the driveway, skilfully avoiding the heavy stone post, and then — well, then she forgot, for the time, all about her flowers, for there on the piazza were Joe and his friend Tom Hunter, who had come to spend Sunday. There was much to tell Joe, and the new bicycle had to be inspected. Natalie took a turn on it, just to show how well she managed it. Then she had to tell Joe of the long rides she had taken, of the bicycle club the girls were trying to organize, and — yes, she must show him the strange flowers she had found.

"Where did you find these, Natalie? They are very rare, if I am any judge. See here, Tom; these are orchids, are they not?"

But Tom Hunter paid no attention to the orchids. His eyes were staring at the black stone Natalie held.

"By Jove! Whe-ew! Look here, Joe — what do you call that?" he asked excitedly, as he took the stone from Natalie's hand. "I believe that it's a meteorite! Where did you find it?" Without waiting for an answer, he continued: "Yes; here are the characteristic pittings! Where did it come from? Notice the crust."

He really was becoming very much excited, and Natalie could make nothing of it till Joe explained that the stone might be worth a great deal of money.

Aunt Janet put the orchids in a vase and

placed them on the supper-table, but, beautiful as they were, nobody noticed them. All eyes were bent upon the meteorite, for such, indeed, it was. Mr. Hunter could talk of nothing else. Immediately after supper Mr. Thayer, Aunt Janet, Mr. Hunter, Joe, and Natalie started for the place where the meteorite was found, and here Mr. Hunter discovered two more of the strange stones; but they were smaller than the one Natalie had used as a weight. On their homeward walk Mr. Hunter, who had regained his composure by this time, explained to Natalie what meteorites are: how they are thought to be fragments of other planets; how very seldom they are found; and of what great interest they are to men of science, who gladly pay large sums to secure a specimen where the "fall" consists of only a few stones.

Natalie soon understood that her "black stone" and its two fellows (which Mr. Hunter protested also belonged to her) were worth a great deal of money. The news of the discovery soon spread through the town, and friends and neighbors called, begging for a sight of the curiosities. Dr. Barton called and congratulated Natalie on her good luck. He

shook her hand (and arm) so vigorously that he must have been satisfied with the result of his treatment; she certainly would have winced if it had not wholly regained its strength. The editor of the "Gazette" heard the wonderful news, and called, and asked Mr. Hunter to "write it up" for his paper. This was done and the article was printed. Three days later there came, by telegraph, from a certain famous scientist, what Mr. Hunter called a "generous offer" for the three meteorites.

And because her father, brother, and Aunt Janet all advised her to accept the offer (for they, too, considered the meteorites her own private property), Natalie allowed her strange treasures to be carefully packed and sent, by express, to their new owner.

And the money—did it not really "fall from the sky," even though it came in the form of a bank-check?

I know that when Joe reached home in June he found his little sister awaiting him on the piazza, with eyes and cheeks glowing, and near her stood a splendid bicycle, on the handle-bars of which were Joe's initials, and which Natalie named

THE METEORITE.

WHEN YOU HEAR THE ROBIN CALL.

You may read it "May" on the calendar,
 You may fix your heart on spring,
 But until you hear the robin's song
 You will find it 's no such thing!
 For he 's sure just when the snow flies,
 And he knows spring's secrets all.
 You may be quite sure 't is May-time
 When you hear the robin call!

They 'll tell you the winter 's ended—
 You will hear it everywhere
 Just for a little sunshine
 And a breath of April air.
 But you may be sure of one thing:
 As sure as that rain will fall,
 It is really, truly springtime
 When you hear the robin call!

Agnes Lewis Mitchell.



BY ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.

WHERE Castine, with its beautiful harbor, looks down the broadening Bay of Penobscot and borders the lessening Bagaduce, Uncle Tom and his colony-hunters stood within the confines of the old fort—made, re-made, and made again through twice two hundred years—and looked off upon the picturesque combination of town and sea and hill.

Already they had ferried across the river to Brooksville, and driven through the stretch of odorous balsam forests to the cliffs of Cape Rosier and the Reach; and, once again looking off upon the fair prospect, they voted Castine "simply beautiful."

"It looks like the Catskill Mountains with the ocean turned on," Bert declared; and while Jack, ever with an eye for natural beauties, still seemed most impressed with the fact that Castine was really the home of "the Fairport Nine" and those venturesome village boys who live in the delightful stories by Noah Brooks, Christine traveled back to the old days by recalling the story of Constance of Acadia and the feudal stronghold of the Baron Castine.

"It is, indeed, a historic section of the New World on which we are now looking," Uncle Tom assured them. "The flags of five

nations have floated over these waters in token of possession; and here, as along all this rugged, sea-indented, island-fringed Maine coast, was waged a part of that fierce fight for a language that wasted many a fair settlement, North as well as South, and finally established English speech and English customs along the valley of the St. Lawrence, down the whole course of the wonderful Mississippi, and along the blue and mighty Gulf of Mexico from the Rio Grande to the winter city of St. Augustine and the flower-bordered river of May."

"How interesting!" said Marian. "But what do you mean by 'a fight for a language,' Uncle Tom?"

"Just what I say, my dear," her uncle replied. "All along the rim of that mighty and watery half-circle that swings around from the mouth of the St. Lawrence down the Mississippi to the tourist-traveled St. John of Florida, was fought, for nearly two hundred years, a struggle for possession and the dominant tongue that finally gave all these United States to the guardianship of England and, in time, to the starry flag of the great Republic."

"How did England do it?" asked Roger, proud of the Anglo-Saxon prowess.

"By their strength of will and Indian pudding," Uncle Tom replied.

"Indian pudding! Why, what do you mean by that?" Marian cried, thinking Uncle Tom's assertion decidedly queer.

"I mean, my dear," her uncle replied, "that the next time you boys and girls have your fried mush for breakfast, or your Indian pudding for dessert, you must not fail to remember that you are devouring the two elements that gave the balance of power to the English-speaking race on the western Atlantic, and made you modern Americans—Indian corn and fresh water."

Even Bert looked puzzled at this declaration; but Christine suspected a story under it all, and, following her lead, all the company at once pressed Uncle Tom for his story, which must, they knew, be also an explanation. So, on the storied heights above Castine, rich with the memories of so many historic years, Uncle Tom gave his boys and girls his story of the fight for a language.

"You remember," he said, "how, as we sat last winter on the sea-wall close to the ramparts of the old fort at St. Augustine, I told you that Sidney Lanier once called the fight between Spain, France, and England for colonial possession here in America a regular crab-fight, don't you?"

"Yes," Bert replied. "I remember I jotted down his very words as you gave them. Ah! here they are," he said, as he consulted his note-book: "'The only thing in nature which approaches these people in truculence is crabs. Bring one crab near another on shore; immediately they spit at each other and grapple.'"

"That 's it," Uncle Tom replied, with his customary nod; "and that is just what the three nations who first struggled for possession and dominion here in America did: they just spat at one another and grappled."

"That does n't sound a bit nice," was Marian's comment. "I like to think of those old hidalgos and chevaliers as being as picturesque and courteous as a Stanley Weyman hero. You feel it as you stand in the crooked sixteenth-century streets of Quebec; and I 'm sure, when we were in that charming old St. Augus-

tine last winter, I should n't have been one bit surprised to run up against De Soto in his armor, or Ponce de Leon hunting for his spring, or even have that delightfully horrible Menendez stand politely aside, hat off and bowing low, to let me pass before him through the city gate."

"Yes," growled Jack, "and then knife you in the back for a blooming young Englander!"

"Don't speak of it!" cried Christine. "I think they were all perfectly dreadful. Ever since Uncle Tom showed us, down there in Florida, that spot on Anastasia Island where the Spaniards slaughtered the French, and the bluff on the St. John where the French revenged themselves on the Spaniards, I 'm sure I don't think very much of knights and gentlemen and days of chivalry. I declare! I can't enjoy 'Ivanhoe' any more."

"Why not?" cried Jack. "Ivanhoe was an Anglo-Saxon. He did n't go around hacking people to pieces, and putting up sign-boards to tell why he did it, as Menendez and Gourgues did in Florida, or as D'Aulnay and La Tour did up in this region. The fact is, I don't believe colonization in America really began until the English took things in hand; did it, Uncle Tom?"

"And how about them—our English ancestors, I mean?" put in Bert. "They were n't exactly saints and angels, were they?"

"I can't honestly say they were, Bert," Uncle Tom confessed. "The whole Christian world seemed to have caught the mania for possession in those days, and especially for appropriating other people's finds. England was a quick second to Spain in this business. For while Spain—remember this, my Anglo-Saxon enthusiasts—was, from the days of Columbus, conceded to own all North America south of the Canadian border (Verrazano and the Cabots to the contrary notwithstanding), Jack is right in a measure; for the real impulse to aggressive occupation and colonization was really English, and was due to a boy, a sailor, and a virgin queen."

Jack stopped short in his "Hurrah for our side!" to put on his thinking-cap with the rest of the party.

"A boy, a sailor, and a virgin queen,"

Marian repeated. "Now, who were they, Uncle Tom?"

"The virgin queen," said Bert, the scholar, "was surely Queen Elizabeth. But the boy and the sailor corner me! Who were they, Uncle Tom?"

"The boy was the brother of the virgin queen," Uncle Tom explained. "He died King of England at sixteen, but—"

"Edward VI.?" queried Bert.

"Yes; the sad little son of Henry VIII.," Uncle Tom assented; "best known as a boy with weak lungs and good intentions, who kept a diary and died—"

"That settles it!" cried Jack. "I always said it never paid to keep a diary."

"—and died," Uncle Tom went on, ignoring what Marian called "Jack's foolishness" (at which they all laughed, nevertheless), "before he really had a chance to show what the son of his father could do. But he did accomplish two things—the introduction of the English prayer-book, and the formation of the famous Company of Merchant Adventurers. This was a real-estate trust or syndicate whose successors and descendants were the later English colonists of America. And young King Edward's chief desire was to 'down Spain.'"

"Good for the boy!" cried Jack. "He had spunk, even if his lungs were weak. Why did n't he come over here to the pine-lands, or at least go to Florida, and get well?"

"Why, just then, Jack," replied Uncle Tom, "the Maine woods were almost unknown; and as for Florida—well, that was n't a healthy climate, even for strong-lunged Englishmen. For, down in the Gulf of Mexico, the English sailor I mentioned had, about that time, a notable sea-fight with the Spaniards. He was the famous Captain John Hawkins. Spanish perfidy cornered and captured half of his fleet; the prisoners were sent to the tortures of the Inquisition, and so fierce a hatred of Spain was thus raised in English hearts that not even the glorious defeat of the Spanish Armada was esteemed a sufficient revenge. That hatred determined Queen Elizabeth to make North America English, and kept the English to their purpose until, from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf, America was Anglo-Saxon."

"Hear! hear!" cried Jack and Roger, with enthusiasm. "Three cheers for Good Queen Bess!"

"A woman, boys and girls, you notice," said Uncle Tom, whereupon Marian and Christine clapped their hands in approval; "and the first ruler to send armed aid to the afflicted and oppressed, under a proclamation declared by some enthusiasts to be worthy a place beside the Declaration of Independence. It was a paper, too, let us remember, that bore fruit three hundred years later, and sent armed Americans bearing aid and independence to the afflicted and oppressed victims of Spanish tyranny in the very colonies in America which Elizabeth's valiant sea-captain had sought to wrest from Spain."

"Then, really, Uncle Tom," said Bert, "it was a case of 'strained relations' from the very first, was n't it?"

"It certainly was, Bert," his uncle responded. "But then, relations were strained between all the European peoples who sailed land-hunting across the Western seas. The 'crab-fight,' as Sidney Lanier called it, began from the very start, as, following the discoveries of Columbus and his successors, Spaniards, Frenchmen, and Englishmen, from Maine to Florida, grappled and fought for the possession of a continent."

"But where does the Indian pudding come in?" queried Jack, reverting to his uncle's puzzling statement.

"That 's true," said Bert. "You said Indian corn and fresh water gave the balance of power here to the English. How so?"

Uncle Tom smiled. "That 's where the Frenchmen come in," he replied. "For, as surely as lack of gold drove the disappointed Spaniards from the lands De Soto sought to conquer along the Gulf, so surely did the abundance of Indian corn and fresh water give the English the mastery, and force the Frenchmen first into and then out of Canada."

"I don't see how," persisted Bert.

"Carry the map of North America, especially of these United States, in your eye, Bert," Uncle Tom replied. "You are surely, all of you, good enough geography scholars for that. From the moment you sail into the mouth of

the St. Lawrence you can go by water all the way to Duluth. In that marvelous chain of five great lakes and a mighty river you are traversing three quarters of all the fresh water on the globe. From Lake Superior to the sources of the Mississippi, expert canoeists—like you boys—can actually go by water, thus entering the greatest river system of the world; for that wonderful river has more navigable tributaries than any other river on the globe, excepting, perhaps, the Amazon. The Great Lakes on the north, the Mississippi on the west—there you have your fresh water, for the control of which France and England struggled for centuries, and which fell finally to the might of England and her colonists, thanks to Indian corn."

"That is very puzzling, Uncle Tom," cried Marian. "How did Indian corn do it?"

"Indian corn," said Uncle Tom, "was the staple grain of the English settlers, just as it had been of the Indian owners of the soil. It was easily planted, easily raised, and easily harvested; it grew more plentifully than any other grain; the stalks were good for forage; the corn readily ground into meal. Indian corn meant bread and strength and life to the early colonists; it flourished where their home grains would take root but slowly, and it grew to any advantage only south of the great fresh-water boundaries; so, indeed, it is not too much to say that but for the sustaining and strengthening qualities of Indian corn the English-speaking race would not so readily, if at all, have secured footing and possession of these United States."

"How about tobacco, Uncle Tom?" Roger inquired.

"Tobacco was a factor in development, Roger, and a vast one," Uncle Tom replied; "but it was not a 'race-maker,' as was Indian corn. It was the foundation of American commerce, the basis of agriculture south of the Potomac, and the profits from its sale largely gave the means that made the American Revolution possible and successful. But it was one reason, too, for the introduction and continuance of slavery in the southern section, and brought in a new race—a disturbing element that still remains to perplex us, even though

Abraham Lincoln lived and died. So, you see, tobacco was but a mixed blessing, whereas Indian corn was our mainstay and salvation."

"Even as it is to-day, eh, Uncle Tom?" said Bert.

"Even as it is to-day," his uncle replied. "Again and again has the corn crop of America averted 'panics' and brought back 'good times.' The 'thirty-six goodly ears of corn, some yellow and some red,' that the Provincetown Pilgrims first dug up near Truro, on the cape, have grown into an American crop of two billions of bushels in this very year of plenteous harvests, adding fresh strength and riches to an expanding republic."

"And you say it helped us expand in the old days, too, Uncle Tom?" said Bert. "But how?"

"By the brain and brawn it gave to our ancestors, Bert," answered Uncle Tom. "It sustained life when they landed, helped them to remain in the days of uncertain settlement, gave them strength as they slowly grew, and made them so hardy and stout of arm that none could long successfully resist them—Spaniards, Frenchmen, Englishmen, or even the corn-fed Red Indians themselves."

"Hurrah for Indian corn!" cried Jack.

"Let's vote for it as the national flower, tassel and all," echoed Marian.

"Then I suppose," said Bert, "that when you call this story of English supremacy the struggle for a language, you mean that the success of the English colonists made North America English in speech and customs."

"Oh, but it is n't, you know!" cried Roger. "Don't you remember how one could hardly get a thing in Quebec until Marian tried her French on 'em? And I'm sure New Orleans was very Frenchy, and Florida just leaks Spanish."

"So I can find you sections of New York, Roger, where your English would not serve you, and even Marian's French would n't help her out," said Uncle Tom. "The Scandinavians of the Northwest, the Italians of the East, and all other non-English folk are among these exceptions. But they will all speak English in time, when, gradually but surely, the foreign elements shall have merged into the

one imperial citizen,—the American,—and the struggle for a language shall have ended in utter and absorbing victory."

"It seems hard, though, does n't it," said Bert, "that the French should have lost all this country when they had it first?"

"The French!" cried Jack. "What 's the matter with the Spaniards? The dons were here first of all."

"Yes; but they don't count," Bert replied. "They did n't stick, north of the gold line, and the French held on to the last. Is n't that so, Uncle Tom?"

"Quite correct, Bert," his uncle replied. "Spain virtually retired early in the struggle, although the Spanish-American problem was long unsettled, and the border strife along the Florida line kept up from De Soto to Andrew Jackson, in which Oglethorpe, the soldier-philanthropist, played his prominent part."

"I guess that 's settled, about now," said Jack. "Hurrah for Dewey and Sampson!"

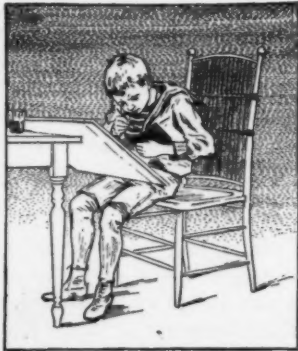
"And hurrah for Anglo-Saxon energy, tenacity, and valor, which, thanks to the strengthening virtues of Indian corn, and also to the aid of fresh water, struggled on until Frenchman and Indian were alike forced to the rear, and America became English in speech and independent in government. Champlain and Frontenac had the valor but not the organizing force of Winthrop; Duquesne was no match for Washington, nor was Montcalm for Wolfe. So Canada fell, and from the day when, on the Plains of Abraham, Wolfe murmured, 'I die content,' America was to have

one common language, and shelter its vast possessions beneath the protecting folds of the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes."

"And some of that world-struggle began right here, did n't it, Uncle Tom?" Bert inquired, as they looked across the Bagaduce and down the broad sweep of the splendid bay.

"Here and hereabout," Uncle Tom replied. "Here, along the Maine coast, from Cape Porpoise to Passamaquoddy, stretched Norumbega, the earliest bone of contention between England and France in America. The cliffs of Monhegan, forest-crowned even to this day, were the early rendezvous for English ships; near or on the mainland, where, as you know, we saw the remains of its ancient street, stood Pemaquid, the oldest of Maine towns, and farther to the eastward lay Mount Desert, which Champlain discovered, and where Argall raided the French settlements. In fact, all this Maine coast is a stirring story-land of valor and daring, adventure and action, rivalry and feud, offense and defense, where for years was waged the fight for a language that made America first English, and finally and forever American."

And with the romance of "Baron Castine of St. Castine" crowding closely upon the tragedy of Mme. La Tour; with Louisburg and Port Royal and stories of the strifes of rival races in colonial days still stirring their blood, Uncle Tom Dunlap and his young investigators made their way to the steamboat pier, and took the boat for Boston and toward the practical twentieth century.



A BUSY YOUNG ARTIST.

LUCK




BY CATHARINE YOUNG GLEN.

OW ain' it aggravatin'
How other chaps you meet
Can go to work an' *fin'* things—
Jus' lyin' in the street?

Why, Billy struck a jack-knife
As had a screw, I 'm told!
An' Ted picked up a hat-pin
What looked like solid gold.

Len's brother los' a marble,
An', huntin', foun' a dime!
'T was waitin' right afore him!
An' onct, at playin'-time,

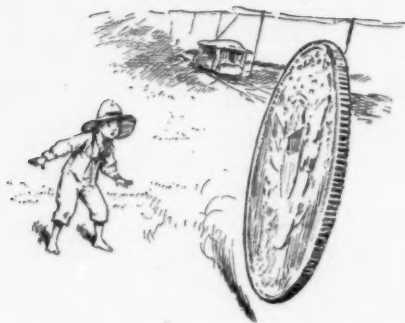


When I stayed hid, an' Bubby
 Got sent to town by mar,
 He seen a *hull half-dollar*
 Roll off a trolley-car!

I 've hung aroun' the sidewalk,
 An' poked in all the cracks;

I 've shuffled up the gutter,
 I 've loafed along the tracks;

I 've kep' an eye out steady
 For weeks—an' I 'll be beat
 If I can fin' a *penny*
 A-lyin' in the street!



A RAIN SONG.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

DON'T you love to lie and listen,
 Listen to the rain,
 With its little patter, patter,
 And its tiny clatter, clatter,
 And its silvery spatter, spatter,
 On the roof and on the pane?

Yes, I love to lie and listen,
 Listen to the rain.
 It 's the fairies—Pert and Plucky,
 Nip and Nimble-toes and Lucky,
 Trip and Thimble-nose and Tucky—
 On the roof and on the pane!

That 's my dream the while I listen,
 Listen to the rain.
 I can see them running races,
 I can watch their laughing faces
 At their gleeful games and graces,
 On the roof and on the pane!

MR. SNAIL'S DOWNFALL.



EATED at the table, the children were enjoying their luncheon, and Aunt Matilda was busily engaged in waiting upon them, when one of them asked in a rather rude manner to be helped to something. Without seeming to notice the child's rudeness, the old woman, after quietly helping the little one, said: "Yo' know, chil'ren, dat it don't cost nuthin' to be purlite, but, at de same time, yo' is gwine to gain a lot mo' by bein' so in dis here world."

The little ones had ceased eating as the old woman spoke, wondering to which one of them her words were addressed. But she seemed to be speaking to all of them as she continued: "Purliteness makes mighty easy goin', no matter whar yo' is trablin', and de want of it is a load dat pulls yo' back mo' an' mo' de furdur yo' go. Yo' know, de snail he flew high an' he flew fas' till his impurliteness done stop him."

"Why, Aunt Matilda," exclaimed the children, in surprise, "the snail never could fly!"

"Mr. Snail flew once on a time, chil'ren," the old woman insisted; "an' he 'd been a-flyin' yit, 'cordin' to Mr. Wizzle Wuzzle, but fur his impurliteness. Yo' sec, honeys, de snail in de olden time was n't de po', miserbul creetur dat yo' see him now. No indeedy. Fur, as Mr. Wizzle Wuzzle tells me, den he was fine of color, an' flew high as any bird yo' ever see."

"How did the Wizzle Wuzzle Man come to know all that?" inquired one of the children.

"Well, chil'ren," evasively replied Aunt Matilda, "I ain't sayin' as how Mr. Wizzle Wuzzle know all dis, an' I ain't sayin' as how Mr. Wizzle Wuzzle know all dat. I jes tells yo' as he done tole it to me. He allow dat Mr. Snail in de olden time fly fas', an' dat Mr. Snail fly high, an' dat he was all I tells yo'. Howsomer, de lion, which is de king of de beastes, as he was den, give a feast one day. To dat feast King Lion 'vited all de beastes, all de birds, an' all de res' of de world. An', chil'ren, dey all come; fur, wile dey was dem dat

ain't likin' him, dey know dat when King Lion say 'Come,' he don't say, 'Come if yo' kin,' or 'Come if convenient,' an' so dey all come."

"Where did the lion give the feast?" interrupted one of the little ones.

"Dat I disremembers, honey," replied the old woman, "but de feast was given, an' dey was all havin' as fine a time as yo' want to see, when Mr. Snail, who sot nex' to Mr. Fox at de table, findin' dat de soup want jes a pinch of salt, says to Mr. Fox, 'Pass dat salt dis way.' He never say, 'May I trubble yo' fur de salt?' or 'Be good 'nuff to pass de salt dis way,' or 'De salt, if yo' please.' No indeedy; he did n't nuthin' 't all like dat, spite de fac' dat he was riz well as de best of 'em. He jes say, 'Pass dat salt dis way.' All dem dat hear him mighty s'prised to hear sech impurliteness, an' as Mr. Fox purlitely pass de salt to Mr. Snail, all look at King Lion to see what he gwine say or do 'bout it."

"And did the lion do or say anything, Aunt Matilda?" chorused the children.

"King Lion did n't do anything, an' he did n't say anything, jes den," she resumed; "but when de feast was over, an' dey was all 'bout to leave de table, he say, lookin' down to whar Mr. Snail sot: 'Dar is n't anything dat I knows of so easy as bein' purlite, an' dar is n't any place whar de want of it looks so mean as at de table, 'specially when yo' is 'vited to some other table dan yo' own. I is sorry to say,' King Lion go on, lookin' mighty fierce toward Mr. Snail, 'dat one of yo' sittin' at dis here table done furgit all dis. Sech furgitfulness I can't 'ford to let go by widout noticin' of it, an', widout mentionin' any names, I is 'bliged to say dat after dis day de one I has in mind will be hidden frum de rest of yo', an' dat he 'll crawl 'long de face of de earth, 'stead of flyin'!'

"An' frum dat day to dis, chil'ren," said the old woman, impressively, "Mr. Snail done hid hisself in a shell, an' crawls 'long, 'bout de mos' 'spisedest creetur in all de world."

Robert W. Dutton.

TITUS REMBRANDT.

IN his white-plumed cap, brown doublet, and green cloak, Titus Rembrandt seems more like a young prince out of the north than the son of a rugged Dutch painter.

Long before Titus was pictured in his velvets and furs, Rembrandt van Rijn trudged from his father's mill in Leyden to The Hague, where he sold his first painting for one hundred florins. Then followed years of labor, bringing their reward of success, riches, and marriage with the beautiful and aristocratic Saskia van Ulenburgh. Such were Titus Rembrandt's parents. His father, a sturdy, earnest man, became one of the world's greatest painters. His mother, who was of gentle birth, lived to brighten for a brief space only the house where Titus was born.

On September 22, 1641, the child was christened with quaint ceremony in the Zuider Kerk, Amsterdam, being called Titus after his aunt, Titia van Ulenburgh. Less than a year later the young mother died, leaving Titus to be cared for by his saddened father and an old nurse named Geertje Dirx.

There were no little brother and sister playmates in the great house in Jodenbreestraat. The delicate, fair-haired boy had for his companions strange porcelain figures from far-away China, and solemn knights in armor standing about in corners. Perhaps he toyed with fans, played with bows and arrows, or let his fingertips strike the stringed instruments which hung in his father's studio. He caught glimpses of sunny Italy from paintings which glowed on dark walls. Lands still more distant were brought near as he lay curled up on a lion's skin or gazed at the stuffed bird of Paradise. Here in this silent house in the heart of the lively Jews' quarter, Titus Rembrandt found his fairyland, which, fairy-like, vanished in a night, almost.

In buying these rich and beautiful objects the boy's father had borrowed large sums of money. All was now sold to pay the pressing creditors—the very ostrich-feather in Titus's cap and the pearls in his ears. The family was deprived of everything save—two stoves!

The winter of 1658 found father and son

homeless and penniless, living about in inns, on credit, with Rembrandt's second wife, Hendrickje Stoffels. Some months later, in order that the painter might work along free from care, Titus and his stepmother opened a shop to trade in prints, paintings, and curiosities. So poor was the little household at this time that the boy was forced to go around at sales, bidding up the prices of his father's pictures!

After Hendrickje's death, Titus, who was still a minor, asked leave to conduct his affairs as he saw fit. Supported by his father, his good friend and counselor Abraham Frasz, and other honest burghers, the petition was granted. The musty papers which record this event speak in praise of young Titus "by reason alike of his business capabilities and his exemplary conduct."

He had painted a little, there being mention of "A Head of the Virgin," "A Book," and "Three Puppies, from Nature," but he was best known as a dealer "in engravings, pictures, and curiosities of all sorts." The boy who had been brought up in lonely luxury now lived in a dingy little shop. Here he spent his time buying and selling, in a small way, just such things as he may one day have torn, or broken, or tossed aside.

In the spring of 1668 Titus married his cousin, Magdalena van Loo, and the young couple went to live on the Singel, a quay facing the Apple Market, in a house known as "The Golden Scales."

Their married life was very short, for in September of the same year, Titus, who had never been strong, died.

There is nothing that is stirring, and much that is sad, in this slender little thread of a life. The chief thing about Titus for us is that he was painted with exquisite tenderness and feeling by his great father, who, indeed, rarely painted children.

And thus he stands now in his white-plumed cap, brown doublet, and green cloak, looking with wonder out upon the wide world of which he was to know so little.







Christian Brinton.







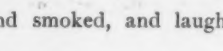
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

TITUS, THE SON OF THE PAINTER REMBRANDT.


A NOCTURNE.

THE day was done, and in the west
The glowing sun sank to his ;
Gleamed in the heavens the first faint stars,
The cows were at the pasture .
The wild fowl, rising from the pines,
Flew in two long, converging .
Straight where the sky and sea connect
Their leader took his course ~
(While yet the sunset glories burn),
Nor ever swerved, nor made a ~.
Out on the lake rocked a small boat,
And in it two who took no .
Of time, until the darkening sky
Warned them to land, their boat to ;
And, to remove of risk all trace,
They fastened to the stake a .

Soon from the boat they took some carp,
Which they had caught with fish-hooks ,
And, with a joyful smile ironic,
Drew out a bottle labeled ".

Their rods and guns, and this and that,
They laid upon a rock quite .
Their camp-fire lit, they did not fail,
Ere cooking, first .
each fish to .

They supped, and smoked, and laughed at
straws,
And rattled on without a .
Each tried the other's tale to beat,
As wondrous stories they 'd .

Wearied, at length, with mirth and jest,
They laid them down and went to .

Julia B. Chapman.

THE COLBURN PRIZE.

BY GABRIELLE E. JACKSON.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

WHEN all the others had gone, Mrs. Colburn turned to Miss Case and said: "Can you tell me why Gertrude Folsome did not prepare her paper in time to have it sent to me with the others? She impresses me as such an exceptionally bright girl that her failure to compete causes me no little surprise."

"And she is exceptionally bright," replied Miss Case, with some feeling. "I wish I could tell you, for there is some good reason, I know. She is never behind with anything, and if I could have a school full of girls just like her my path would be strewn with roses instead of the somewhat thorny one it is."

"Did she offer no excuse?"

"None. When I pressed her for one, she begged me, with tears in her eyes, not to ask her, for she could not tell me. All I could per-

sueade her to admit was that her mother knew all about it. With that I was obliged to be satisfied. Her mother is a woman of whom I have the highest opinion, and her training of Gertrude seems to be admirable. I've never met a girl with a more upright character."

"I sincerely wish I could understand this matter," said Mrs. Colburn, looking puzzled.

"I certainly intend to understand it before I am many days older, for I shall call upon Mrs. Folsome and beg her to explain all to me. It is only fair that I should do so," said Miss Case, looking very determined.

"Do, I beg of you. Can you not go this very afternoon, and let me know later? I do not know when I have felt so perplexed over anything. By the way, dine with me this evening. It is on your homeward way, and I shall be delighted to have you."

"Many thanks. I will, with pleasure, and I hope I may bring with me some pleasant news.

But now I must go home and remove some of my professional dust." And Miss Case bade her kind friend good-by at the school-room door.

An hour later Miss Case was seated in Mrs. Folsome's cozy little room, listening eagerly to the disclosures that were made.

"And, Miss Case," Mrs. Folsome added, in conclusion, "I did not think it right to

"Can't you stay a little longer, dear Miss Case? Gertrude rode home with Alice, but she will return very shortly, and be greatly disappointed at not seeing you. You hold a very warm place in her affections, I assure you."

"I would gladly stay, but I have an engagement to dine with Mrs. Colburn, who is as curious over this matter as I am, and is eagerly



MRS. COLBURN AND MISS CASE DISCOVER GERTRUDE'S SACRIFICE.

thwart her unselfish impulses. True, she might not have won the prize, but there was an excellent chance of it, for both Mr. Folsome and I considered her paper very well written."

"And I have n't a doubt that it was, and probably brighter than Alice's; for Alice is such a sober little body."

"Dear child! she has too little to make her otherwise, I suspect." Mrs. Folsome looked rather sad as she spoke.

"I wish there was some way of bringing more brightness into the child's life, but I fear the remedy lies beyond both you and me."

Miss Case soon afterward arose to depart.

awaiting my report. May I take Gertrude's paper to show to her?"

"Certainly; and I hope she will approve it."

"What did I tell you?" was Miss Case's somewhat informal greeting when Mrs. Colburn welcomed her a little later.

"You told me nothing at all, because you were quite unable to," Mrs. Colburn answered with a smile. "However, I hope your knowledge is greater now, and that you will unravel the mystery for me."

"I will, indeed." And Miss Case rapidly told the circumstances connected with Gertrude's unselfish sacrifice of herself.

"Dear, dear child!" exclaimed Mrs. Colburn. "I am sure we can hardly appreciate how great a sacrifice it was, or what strength of purpose it required to carry it through to the end."

"It is exactly like the child," replied Miss Case. "She *never* gives up, and that is the secret of her success in almost everything she undertakes."

"But have you brought her paper with you? For I should very much like to see it."

"I have; Mrs. Folsome let me take it, although, as Gertrude truthfully said, it is not yet neatly copied. That was part of her plan, you see. But it is clearly and well written, and I'm very glad to leave it with you."

"Yes, pray do; for if it is superior to Alice's, — and indeed, if it has equal merit, — it, too, shall have its reward," said Mrs. Colburn, firmly.

The following Wednesday Miss Case received this note from Mrs. Colburn:

THE LARCHES, October 29.

MY DEAR MISS CASE: May I beg your cooperation in setting straight a little affair which lies very close to both our hearts? If so, pray ask the members of the literature class and their friends to meet me in the assembly-room next Friday at twelve o'clock. I offer no explanations, for I cannot help wishing that you, too, may share a pleasant surprise I have taken pleasure in preparing for the class.

Believe me, very sincerely yours,

MARION KINGSLAND COLBURN.

On Thursday afternoon, just before dismissing school, Miss Case said to her pupils: "I have

a pleasant bit of news for you this afternoon, which I fancy you all will be delighted to hear. Mrs. Colburn has sent me a note asking that I will request the members of the literature class, and also the friends whom they invited to be present on Friday last, to again meet her here

in the assembly-room to-morrow at twelve o'clock."

This was too much for the girls' curiosity, and so Miss Case was met by a shower of questions.

"I cannot tell you a word more about this than I have already told, for I am quite in the dark myself. I only know that Mrs. Colburn desires to meet you here to-morrow, and must beg that you all will follow my example and be patient till to-morrow comes."

Half an hour later a bicycle flew in at the Folsome driveway, and its excited rider flung herself from it.

Even as she reached the steps she called, "Mama, mama! where are you? Quick! come listen to what I've to tell you!"

"Here I am, maiden mine," replied a voice from upstairs, and Mrs. Folsome popped her head out of the linen-closet.

"I'm so puzzled, I just don't know what to think," cried Gertrude, as she flew upstairs, "and you'll have to help me. Mrs. Colburn has asked us all to meet her again to-morrow, and bring our friends, too."

"Really, I am sure that puzzle is a hard one, and I fear I am unable to help you solve it."

"But, mama, if it is another contest, this



Isabel L. Humphrey.

time I have a perfect right to try to win it, if I can, have n't I?"

"You had a perfect right to try to win before, dear; but I am more proud of my little girl's generous impulses than if she had won a dozen gold watches!" Mrs. Folsome kissed the eager little face so close to hers.

"And you will surely come to-morrow, won't you, mama?"

"Neither wild horses, locomotives, motors, nor ocean liners could hold me back! Is that strong enough proof?"

"You are just the blessedest mama any girl ever had!" Gertrude exclaimed, embracing her.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SCALES OF JUSTICE BALANCE EVENLY.

THE following day Mrs. Colburn again addressed the literature class. The room was crowded with the girls and their friends, for curiosity lent piquancy to the occasion, and many were there who would have taken little interest in the girls' literary contest; but not a girl had failed to tell at home of the general disappointment all had felt upon the previous Friday when their favorite schoolfellow had dropped behind the others, and all felt instinctively that to-day's gathering had something to do with it. So when Mrs. Colburn arose to speak she encountered a sea of expectant faces.

"My dear girls, when I spoke to you on Friday last, I felt that I was quite as happy as I could well be, for you had responded so promptly to my wish to learn something of your individual impressions of the poet Longfellow's works, and had taken the utmost pains to express yourselves concisely and well. Out of the class of fourteen, thirteen papers were handed to me to criticize, and I can truthfully add that it was no very easy matter to give a just and discriminating opinion, for the work was remarkably well done.

"Only one little circumstance occurred to mar our pleasure last Friday, and it was that the fourteenth paper had not been prepared in time. This, I confess, was a keen disappointment to both Miss Case and myself, nor could we form any satisfactory idea as to the reason, for Miss Case assured me that the one who

should have presented that paper has always been known for the prompt fulfilment of her duties, and this was pleasure as well as duty—rather a rare combination, you will perhaps agree." And Mrs. Colburn smiled upon her audience. "Feeling sure that some good excuse lay behind the mystery, Miss Case and I set about unraveling it; and I can say, in all sincerity, that never have we undertaken anything which has brought forth such satisfactory results, for we have learned that not only was the paper prepared, but that it was fully equal to the one which carried off the prize. Indeed, it would have been the closest of close contests, and both Professor Reynolds—who again kindly assisted me in my decision—and I have decided that each, in its own way, fully merited the reward. True, they are quite unlike, for the subjects chosen deal with widely different ideas; but as examples of dissimilar sentiments they each deserve great praise.

"And now, in justice, let me tell you *why* the paper was not copied in time to hand to me with the others. The writer feared that by so doing she might deprive her loved friend of an opportunity to win something upon which she had set her heart, and which would probably mean more to her friend than the mere trinket itself ever could mean to herself, although the honor of winning it would have signified quite as much to one as to the other."

Here all eyes were bent upon Gertrude's crimson face, for the exposure of her little secret was a complete surprise, and the poor child felt more embarrassed than she had upon the previous Friday.

"And now, in conclusion," said Mrs. Colburn, "I wish to say just this: Since the papers were of equal merit, I am sure the rewards should be likewise; and if it gave me pleasure to present a prize to one of you on Friday last, how threefold is my satisfaction in doing so to-day, when I have not only exceptional work to reward, but that which is greater than any mental ability with which we could be endowed—an affection which truly loves its neighbor better than itself, and gives proof of it by utter unselfishness."

"Gertrude dear," Mrs. Colburn concluded, "will you step to the platform one moment?"

Trembling with excitement and pleasure, Gertrude did as she was requested, and Mrs. Colburn placed in her hands an exact counterpart of the pretty velvet case she had placed in Alice's the week before, except that the cover of Gertrude's box was pale green.

For one second the child stood speechless, and then, her impulsive nature carrying her beyond all thought of present surroundings, she clasped her arms about Mrs. Colburn's neck and hugged her with a speechless gratitude that was charming.

"I *know* I should n't do it, but I just can't help it, for I've no other way of thanking you half hard enough!" said Gertrude, and her lips quivered ominously.

Mrs. Colburn gathered her close in her arms and said: "It is the sweetest return I could possibly have, dear, and means far more to me than the most eloquent speech, no matter by whom uttered."

The next moment bedlam seemed to have been turned loose, for the girls were wild with excitement, and almost fell over each other in their eagerness to see the beautiful gift. It was a facsimile of Alice's, but inside the case was engraved:

Let us, then, be what we are, and speak what we think, and in all things keep ourselves loyal to truth and the sacred professions of friendship.

It would be difficult to convey any idea of Alice's rapture. The only shadow upon her happiness in the possession of her own watch had been in the thought that but for her, Gertrude would have had one; for nothing could convince her that Gertrude's paper was not vastly superior to her own. And now, oh, joy of joys! they had watches exactly alike, which had been won by equal merit. The usually undemonstrative Alice was carried completely out of herself, and astonished the whole school by walking boldly up to Mrs. Colburn and saying:

"You have made me so happy that I don't

believe I could hold another bit if I tried ever so hard! Oh, I *am* so glad you found out Gertrude's secret, for nobody else did."

"And your happiness is warmly shared by us all, my dear. We do not often find such a friendship as Gertrude has shown, for it takes much love and courage to so completely put self aside, and when we find such affection we cannot value it too highly."



"GERTRUDE CLASPED HER ARMS ABOUT MRS. COLBURN'S NECK."

"Yes; we love each other very dearly," said Alice, simply, "and I wish I had some way of proving my side of it."

"You may find a way some day; who can tell?" Mrs. Colburn, as she spoke these words,

smiled hopefully into the big blue eyes regarding her so earnestly.

And Mrs. Colburn's words seemed almost prophetic, for half an hour later the way of proving her love was given to Alice.

A few moments later the two girls guided their wheels side by side through the gateway of the school-grounds.

"Come around to the village with me, Gertrude. I've an errand to do for mama."

"All right. You lead and I'll follow."

The errand was soon done, and the girls turned their wheels homeward, their way leading them past a new street which was being macadamized, and upon which that abomination of new roads, a steam-roller, was puffing and grinding its way.

Gertrude, who was somewhat ahead of Alice, was watching the snorting monster, and was quite oblivious of what was happening just behind her.

But not so Alice. She noted the sudden plunge given by a nervous horse as he came in sight of the roller, and his wild dash to get beyond the terrifying object, jerking the heavy express-wagon to which he was harnessed as if it had been but a light nutshell.

"Oh, Gertrude, Gertrude! Quick, quick!" screamed Alice, driving her own wheel forward with all her power.

But her voice was drowned by the noise of the roller.

"Look out! look out!" now shouted one of the workmen. But it was too late; for the great horse, now mad with terror, plunged forward just as Alice, with a wild cry, pushed her wheel between him and her friend, throwing Gertrude into a soft pile of sand, as she herself fell beneath the horse's feet.

CHAPTER X.

"AS SUNSHINE SUCCEEDS SHADOW."

A DOZEN ready hands rushed to lift the limp little figure lying upon the ground.

Although for a moment utterly bewildered, Gertrude struggled to her feet just in time to see the unconscious Alice lifted by the man who had shouted the warning. He was now

berating the unhappy driver, and at the same time shedding sympathetic tears upon his victim.

"Faix, it 's little sinse ye had to be lettin' yer great baste av a horse come thrampin' down on sich a swate young thing, crushin' the very life out of her intirely!"

"Is she dead — oh, *is* she dead?" moaned poor Gertrude.

"Plaze heaven, she 's not; but sind quick fer a docther, and we 'll thry to save the shmall breath that 's lift in her young body."

At that moment kind fate sent Mrs. Colburn's carriage by, and Gertrude, rushing out of the crowd which had gathered, as crowds will, from nobody knows where, cried out to her:

"Oh, Mrs. Colburn! Come quick, please! Come quick, for I 'm afraid Alice is killed."

Much startled, Mrs. Colburn hurried to their aid, and after having Alice carried into a neighboring drug store, sent messengers for medical assistance, meanwhile doing all in her power to restore the sufferer. Presently poor Alice opened her eyes and moaned faintly.

"What is it, Alice dear? Can you tell me what hurts you?"

"My side — my arm," was the faint reply.

"Dear, dear Alice, look at me," begged Gertrude. "I am *so* sorry — oh, so terribly sorry!"

"Did — you — get — hurt?" came from the white lips.

"Not a scratch, and *all* because you came between me and that dreadful horse. Oh, I never heard you call, or knew a thing about it till you pushed me off my wheel. If it had not been for my stupidity you would never have been hurt." Poor Gertrude laid her head down upon the counter and sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Don't — let — her; *please* don't," said Alice, as Mrs. Colburn's own physician hurried in.

"Mrs. Colburn, this is a shocking piece of business! Too bad, too bad, poor little girl!" said Dr. Redmond, as he bent over Alice. "Now let me see how bad it really is"; and very gently he began the examination.

It was a miserable quarter of an hour for Alice, but she bore it bravely, and, save for one or two pitiful little moans, made no sound.

"She has been pretty severely handled, for

the right arm is broken, and one or more ribs as well; but the nervous shock is the most serious of all, for her nerves were never what they should be — and how could they be? I wish with all my heart I did not have to send her home, for she requires great care and skilful nursing, and a nervous woman is a poor attendant upon a nervous patient, and we shall have a scene, as sure as the world. Can't we do better for her?" And he looked at Mrs. Colburn with an odd expression.

"I think we can, if you will so order it," she replied, with a quick comprehension of his meaning.

"Good! Then I'll order her to your house, which is a mile or so nearer, and stop at the hospital myself to have a nurse come up at once." For the kind doctor and his old friend Mrs. Colburn understood each other thoroughly, and together carried many a blessing where their agency would never be known.

Before a half-hour had passed, Alice was lying upon a dainty white bed in a room adjoining Mrs. Colburn's own, while a white-capped nurse and the doctor prepared to mend the poor bones.

Word had been sent to Mrs. Fisher, and everything possible done to relieve her anxiety; but she promptly took to her bed, and the maids had their hands full. Then as the days went by she began to learn how much her daughter had been to her, and how essential to her comfort. She missed the hundred little attentions she had always accepted as a matter of course, and the house, when she finally decided that she could go about it, looked cheerless and uncared for.

At first Alice was very wretched about her mother, and fretted lest she should need attentions no one but the daughter could give. But Mrs. Colburn sent and received messages constantly, and, strange to say, the latter were remarkably cheerful. Then, too, Mr. Fisher came often to see her, and Alice actually saw him oftener during her illness than she had seen her mother in the entire year before.

Mrs. Folsome and Gertrude were untiring in their devotion, and no one realized how deeply the former had been touched by Alice's heroism. When, about six weeks later, Alice began to get

about her room a little, Gertrude would have a celebration of fireworks.

"Just think, Alice," she said, as she sat by her couch, one day, "you have been here six weeks, and all because you rushed to save me that dreadful day. I never, never can make you understand how much I think of what you did then, and it is no use for me to try to thank you; I have n't any words half good enough."

"Why, there was nothing else for me to do. You would have been killed if I had n't done what I did."

"Yes; and you were nearly killed instead." Gertrude raised Alice's white hand, and laid her own rosy cheek against it.

"Well, don't let 's talk about it any more, but let me tell you something perfectly delightful. What do you think Mrs. Colburn has asked me to do? You'll *never* guess. She wants me to go to Florida with her on the 15th of December, and has asked mama if I may."

"And what does your mother say?" asked Gertrude, eagerly.

"She said yes, for she and papa are going abroad in January, and I should have to go to Miss Case's to board anyway, and this will be a hundred times nicer."

"Well, I should say just Yes, with a big capital letter, and I'm as glad as though I were going, too — although what in the world I'll do without you I just *don't* know." And Gertrude looked rather forlorn.

Two weeks later a very happy party, composed of Mr. and Mrs. Folsome, Mrs. Colburn, Alice, and Gertrude, stood in the Pennsylvania station.

Alice still looked pale, and had by no means returned to her normal condition; but she was very happy, and looked forward to her three months in Florida with the pleasantest anticipation.

"You need not be surprised if you do not see me in New York for several months," said Mrs. Colburn, "for now that I have borrowed Alice, I do not mean to return her very promptly; certainly not until I can plant some roses in her cheeks."

"And what do you suppose will become of me, Mrs. Colburn?" asked Gertrude. "I shall count the days that must pass before you will

come back, and then maybe you *won't* come. There! if that is n't a fine Irish sentence, I'd like to hear one. I wish Miss Case could have heard it!"

And so, amid jokes and hearty good-bys, the great train rolled out of the station, carrying with it one of the most generous-hearted of women, and one who was to be Alice's sweetest and lifelong companion; for long before they returned from their journeyings, which extended to nearly every point of interest in our lovely land, and, indeed, some of the adjacent ones as well, Mrs. Fisher took the journey to that distant country which sends no travelers home, and Alice found in Mrs. Colburn the affection that had been lacking in her own home.

It was the news of Mrs. Fisher's death which decided Mrs. Colburn's half-formed plans to travel for a period, and before they returned Alice had grown to feel that she was more Alice Colburn than Alice Fisher, as, indeed, she ultimately became; for in the course of the following year Mrs. Colburn legally adopted her, and Alice's life became as sweet and peaceful as the sunny autumn day upon which we first met her.

Never again did one see the sad lines about the mouth or the hungry look in the eyes, for Mrs. Colburn, realizing how many years which should have been bright ones had slipped away, strove in every way within her power to bring joy and gladness into the young life.

And Alice fully repaid her, for she gave to her the rich affection she would have given to her mother had she been encouraged to do so,

and filled Mrs. Colburn's life as it had never before been filled.

Mrs. Colburn had lost her husband after one brief year of wedded life, and her sorrow had been lifelong. Only in making others happy could she find happiness herself, and her ample means made it very easy for her to do so.

The formerly quiet house now echoed girlish voices, for Alice and Gertrude were as fast friends as ever, and still shared all pleasures.

And many a delightful afternoon or evening did they have in the big house, with Mrs. Colburn to share or direct the merrymakings. So there were merry teas, dainty luncheons, gay dances in the big drawing-room, and all sorts of outdoor frolics besides.

And now, upon Alice's sixteenth birthday, we will bid her farewell, as she and Gertrude, the latter now fourteen years old, sit in the library waiting for Mrs. Colburn to return from town; for there is to be a birthday dance, and both girls are looking eagerly forward to the evening, and the dainty gowns to be worn then, which Mrs. Colburn is to bring with her from the city. Of course, they are to be as nearly alike as possible, and Mrs. Folsome has promised to come over a little later in order to assist at the important affair and to help array the two girls.

So we leave them to their happy dreams and fancies, realizing that they have indeed been "loyal to the sacred professions of friendship."

THE END.





FUSSY: "ARE YOU A MOUSE OR A BIRD—OR AN APRIL FOOL?"

A SONG OF CLOTHES-PINS.

BY MARY WHITE.

SING a song of clothes-pins,
Out upon the line,
Holding fast the flapping clothes
In the bright sunshine!

Heads together nodding,
Eager every face,
Whispering, while slender feet
Hold the clothes in place.

Sing a song of clothes-pins,
Dropping one by one
In the clothes-pin basket
When their work is done.

Do you think, when Mary
Drops them there, they stay
Dozing in the basket
Till next washing-day?

Sing a song of clothes-pins,
Standing stiff and straight;
While we make their wigs and gowns
They can hardly wait!

Then we play the whole week through—
Theater, dinner, ball.
Going to wooden weddings
Is the greatest fun of all!



"GOING TO WOODEN WEDDINGS IS THE GREATEST FUN OF ALL!"

Sing a song of clothes-pins
Monday morn asleep;
Not because they 're stupid —
'T is the hours they keep.


Wake them, gently whispering.
Soon upon the line,
See, they hold the clothes again
In the bright sunshine!



"SEE, THEY HOLD THE CLOTHES AGAIN IN THE BRIGHT SUNSHINE!"



Earl Warenne

An historical event of the
reign of Edward I. 


by George Earle Browne

KING EDWARD, in a curious mood,
The parchments of his earls pursued,
To learn if all their claims were good.

His learned clerks the deeds did scan,
And placed beneath great Edward's ban
The lands of many a gentleman.

With other of England's gentlemen,
At length they summoned Lord Warenne
To answer to the clerkly pen.

The stout earl came with step of pride,
His good sword buckled on his side,
Which had the paynim oft defied.




Then spake the clerkly scribe: "May we
The title to your castles see,
By which you hold your lands in fee?"

Curled his rough lip with scornful sneer;
Flashed his sword round them—sight of
fear;
And out his voice rang full and clear:

"When William, with his Norman horde,
Did win this realm with his stout sword,
Each chieftain had a brave reward.

"My sire won these in deadly fight;
His title-deed is mine of right;
It is his blade—keen, blue, and bright!"

In haste each lawyer dropped his pen
And hastened to the king again.
His broad lands kept the Earl Warenne!



JERRY AND TOMMY.

BY MRS. EDMUND GOSSE.

JERRY and Tommy had been thinking and talking, and even been dreaming at night, of nothing else for a whole week! They were going up to London to stay with their Aunt Martha, and their father, who had baked for the big school near by during twelve years, was going to take two days' holiday, and he would stay at Aunt Martha's, too, and go with them the very next night to see Buffalo Bill. Fancy what a treat!

But what was "Buffalo Bill"? Tommy wondered. He did not quite like to ask his brother Jerry, as he knew he would be sure to say: "What? Not know what Buffalo Bill is? Why, everybody who 's not a baby knows that! Why, it 's what 's on the boards by the railway station, down in the town!"

Tommy pondered it over in his mind, and as he lay in his little bed at night, in the dark, upstairs in the attic, strange processions passed before his mind's eye across the whitewashed gable-end of the room—processions of all kinds of animals (which were rather vaguely defined, however, about their hoofs and horns). Then groups of dancing ladies appeared, swaying to and fro. These were clad in folds of tissue-paper, like crackers, and they were tied in tight in the middle. They followed one another in rapid succession through what looked like large curtain-rings. These ladies habitually stood on one toe at a time, and this from preference, apparently.

Then there appeared the strange man who rather frightened Tommy—the man dressed in white, with red spots all over him, he who turned his toes inward, and who was always dropping things out of his pockets. He was so like "Uncle Gobo," the poor village ninny, who never noticed whether he was holding the little dog under his arm with its head or its tail upward. Poor Uncle Gobo! Tommy wondered sometimes whether he was really his uncle, as well as the uncle of all the other

boys in the village, and whether, when Tommy himself grew to be an old man, he, too, would be so strange-looking, and whether he also would be laughed at by some of the village lads, as Uncle Gobo was now. Then he fell asleep, and he dreamed that he himself was Buffalo Bill, and that the tissue-paper ladies were his aunts, while Uncle Gobo persisted in putting all the things that had been bought for their Sunday's dinner into his trousers pockets—the carrots and the apples, as well as strings upon strings of sausages, and even the very leg of mutton itself that had been bought for their Sunday's dinner!

Well, the morning arrived at last, and off the two boys started. Their father drove the little bakery cart, and Jerry sat beside him, while Tommy and the neighbor's boy who was to bring back the trap squatted on the floor of the cart behind, among lots of nice clean straw. It is true that it was the spring-cart, but oh, how it did jog! and that was jolly of it! Why, it could n't be much better than that at Buffalo Bill's show, thought Tommy, who had been told that one of the attractions of that place was that by paying the sum of one penny you could ride down a very steep hill,—as steep as the roof of the church in their village, he had been assured,—and in a little truck-cart, too, all by yourself, with no horse or engine or anything to draw it, and that if you did not hold on very hard indeed, you were almost sure to be thrown out!

Tommy squeaked with delight at the thought of it, and he shouted out so loud at the top of his voice, "Hold hard! Hold hard!" that his father said if he made so much noise the passers-by would think he was a squealing pig being driven to the pound at the cross-roads.

They went by train to London. On the journey Tommy wondered to see that all the passengers wore Sunday clothes, although it

was not even market-day. It troubled him, too, that his father's voice was so much louder than that of the other people. It seemed as if he were shouting to the folk in the fields, while their fellow-passengers, especially the ladies, minced their words, and spoke in a half-whisper, like the old woman who used to come in at home, on winter nights, to help to nurse grandpa, when he was so strange and wandering in his mind.

London itself did not strike the boys as so splendid and brilliant as they had expected it to be. But perhaps that was because the sun was not shining there that day. Perhaps, thought Tommy, the train had come so quickly

be sure you wipe your boots well on the mat, and don't scuff your feet on the new oil-cloth as you come along the passage."

Jerry and Tommy never could remember much about that first evening at Aunt Martha's. The grown-ups seemed, all of them, to talk and talk—chiefly, too, about such very uninteresting things. They seemed never weary of discussing, nor were they ever able to decide among themselves (and what did it matter, after all? thought the boys), whether the boys' maternal Aunt Emily, who went to Australia, was first cousin once removed, on the father's side, or second cousin on the mother's side, to the pork butcher of that place, he who after-



"SHE AT ONCE MADE A DASH FOR JERRY." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

that the sun had not yet had time to get there. It might arrive later on.

When they all reached Aunt Martha's house she gave them a hearty welcome, and said: "Come in, all of you, and welcome; but, boys,

ward became lord mayor. The boys fidgeted on their chairs, and kept one another awake for some time by covert pokes in the side; but this plan at last failing, and their two heads bobbing forward in sleep, they both were

packed off to bed with a rough kindness by their father.

The next morning Jerry and Tommy awoke early, and they at once asked their aunt how soon they were going to start for Buffalo Bill's.

"But," said Aunt Martha, "there 's the whole day before you 'fore that 's going to happen. Why, your father 's got to go to the City, and I 've got to see to my lodgers, let alone the getting through with my cooking first. See here, Jane," she called to her little maid of all work, "give the boys a jug, —the big one, —and they can go to the end of the street and fetch the milk for breakfast." Then, as they were hurrying off, she called after them: "Don't go swinging the jug that way, or you 'll break it; and mind, too, you 're not to come home without it!"

Off they started with the jug. It was a curious jug. It had a man's face for its spout, and his beard flowed all down the front of it in a wavy pattern.

The boys could not make any mistake. They were to go straight down the street, and to get the milk at the cross-street at the other end of it; then they were to come directly back again.

They went along, walking pretty close together, shoulder to shoulder, and dodging as best they could the women who were sweeping their house-steps and shaking the dust out of their door-mats. They tried, too, to avoid the

children—the crowds of ragged children who were playing on the pavements. By some ill chance, however, the boys tumbled up against a particularly tousle-headed boy, and there were at once raised on all sides loud cries. "Look where you 're going to!" "Who 're you, to be so stuck-up?" "Yah! Any one can see with half an eye where you 're from!"

Jerry shouted out, "You come on, youngster; I 'm not going to stand such talk!" at which the street urchins gave a great guffaw.

Then other boys closed in, more children came crowding up from the areas all about, and before Jerry and Tommy knew what was going on, the two boys found themselves in the middle of the road, with a line of grinning and evil-looking children standing around them, and shouts of "Give it 'im!"

"Hit 'im 'ard!" "I 'll teach you, young 'un!" were heard on all sides. Jerry's blood was up. He quickly handed the precious milk-jug to Tommy, and, with a quick movement forward, he seized the enemy, and was just about to administer to him some punishment, when yells of disappointment were heard, followed by "Here 's the peeler!" "No, it ain't!" "My eye! if it 's not Bob's mother!"

And sure enough, Bob's mother it was! She at once made a dash for Jerry, broomstick in hand. There was a general scuffle, followed by a stampede, and Jerry and Tommy found themselves running their hardest, making for



"AT LAST JERRY AND TOMMY WERE OBSERVED BY THE VIGILANT EYE OF A POLICEMAN WHO WAS GOING ON HIS ROUND." (SEE PAGE 521.)

the shelter of the unknown milk-shop at the other end of the street.

The boys bought their quart of milk for fourpence, and there was twopence change. Brave as Jerry was, he did not think it necessary to face Bob's mother on the return journey. "And, besides," said peace-loving Tommy, "maybe she might break Aunt Martha's jug."

So the boys decided to go a little way along the cross-street, and then turn up the next road, and in that way reach Aunt Martha's in safety. "For," they said to one another, "the next turning must cross Tower Road, or else join on to it at the other end."

It seemed a good plan, so they proceeded to follow it out. And somehow the next street seemed to be a great deal longer than the one opposite to Aunt Martha's house—the street where they had had their fight. But then, they argued, that street was so full of children that they had not, perhaps, noticed its length; also, they remarked to one another, they had somewhat hurried along the last part of it, whereas now they were, of course, obliged to walk more slowly, so as not to spill the milk.

At last they reached a cross-street, and they turned up it to the right. It did not look quite like Tower Road, somehow, but then they had entered it from a different side. The houses struck both the boys as looking larger than those in Aunt Martha's street. Still they pushed on, and looked out for No. 10; but no No. 10 was to be seen on the left side of the street: only the odd numbers were on that side.

"Hullo!" exclaimed Jerry, "we've made some queer mistake; we must have entered this street from the wrong end." But, alas! when they did succeed, at last, in finding No. 10, it was not Aunt Martha's at all. It was a great warehouse. The boys felt sadly perplexed at this. They wandered up and down the street, peering wistfully in at the different windows, and saying to one another, "What a temper Aunt Martha will be in at our being such a long time fetching the milk!"

At last Jerry exclaimed: "It's of no use, Tommy; we've made a mistake. We must go back to the milk-shop, and start again along

the street where Bob's mother lives, and we shall know Aunt Martha's house by the canary-bird that's hanging in the window."

"And by the new oil-cloth in the passage," added Tommy.

So back the boys turned; but, poor lads! they had already turned about so many times that they had quite lost their bearings. And so, instead of getting back to the cross-street where the milk-shop was, they went in quite the contrary direction, until they were hopelessly lost.

After a while they asked a lady who was hurrying along, with a satchel in her hand, if she could direct them to Tower Road. She said she did not know the street herself, and then, noticing that the boys were carrying a jug of milk, she concluded they could not have come far from home, and so, telling them to ask some one else, she hastened on. It was the same with every one: no one thought boys carrying a great jug of milk could be really lost, and so no one helped them by making inquiries.

At last the boys found themselves near to a great river, and Jerry remarked, for the benefit of his brother, "London is situated on the river Thames." "And," added Tommy, "it is the chief town of Middlesex." The weary children strolled on to the bridge, and seated themselves on the parapet; they were feeling very tired and disheartened.

A policeman came along, and seeing the lads, one in a pair of slippers, the other without a cap or coat (for in such a hurry had they left home that morning), mistook them for boys loitering on an errand. Evidently they were fetching something for their father's early dinner. So he told them to "Move on, there!" and the boys slunk off, and crossed over the bridge to the other side of the river. They continued now and then to ask passers-by, in a hopeless kind of way, if they would direct them to Tower Road, but no one ever seemed to have heard of the street. One lady of whom they inquired, noticing their pinched, distressed little faces, asked them if they were hungry. "You look as if you were," said she; "I will buy you something to eat." But "No, marm; no, thank you, marm," they both eagerly exclaimed. Then Jerry remarked to

Tommy: "Think what father would have said at his children being fed by a stranger! And father a baker, too!" Alas, poor boys! they little realized then that it was possible there would that night be fulfilled the proverb, "The baker's children went to bed hungry."

They wandered about all that day, carrying faithfully the jug of milk, and with the twopence change in one of their pockets. They had one halfpenny of their own, and that, after much consideration and long gazing in at several shop-fronts, they spent for a large, flat yellow cake that had three slices of citron, or, as the boys termed it, of *gristle*, on top of it.

Each had an exact half of it, and then a good deal of politeness was shown by both boys as to which of them should have the third piece of gristle. Finally Jerry prevailed upon Tommy to accept it, "For," said he, "you are, you know, much younger than me, and mother, I am sure, would wish you to have it—if she knew." The reference to their mother, left in the country, and all unconscious of her children's fate (for the boys felt quite sure that they should never see her again), was too much for Tommy's feelings, and he wept silently as he sucked the citron-peel, and wiped his poor little face on the sleeve of his jacket.

Presently he cheered up somewhat, and he persuaded Jerry to wear the cap. "Do," he said manfully; "I really am already far too warm with a jacket as well as a cap, so do you wear the cap, Jerry dear!"

Jerry graciously accepted it, and hoped that no one would notice what a very babyish cut of cap it was.

A black-and-white spotty dog, of the shivery type, accompanied the boys part of the afternoon. He appeared quite suddenly, as though he had sprung up out of the ground, or had come up through one of the gutter ventilators. Just as the last mouthful of cake had disappeared did the doggy pop up. He sniffed around, and then he sat up on his haunches, and held his head on one side, with his ears cocked forward in the most engaging manner possible.

His brisk company cheered the boys wonderfully, and for a while they played very hap-

pily with him on the wide embankment path by the river. They did not like to go far now, as they were so afraid lest the little dog should lose himself, and not be able to find his way home again. They were soon reassured on this point, however, on seeing their little friend, still shivering in his short coat, and with his tail collected close around his back, racing after a group of ragged little boys who were fishing with lines, which they held over the embankment.

At last twilight came on. The boys had become very silent now. They walked on, sitting down now and then when they had a chance, but always moving on again when they caught sight of a policeman strolling toward them on his beat. They pretended all day not to notice the frequent reminders, in the form mostly of gaudy pictures, on the many hoardings they passed; but Jerry, as evening drew near, remarked casually to Tommy, "I suppose the Buffalo Bill performance is now about to commence."

The boys felt that they were lost forever, and that they should never again see their mother, or Aunt Martha, or father,—white all over with flour at the bakery,—or their dear black-and-white rabbit, that had taken the five-shilling prize last year at the show, for its size and its neat cage. Nor would they again see their own little dog, who always knew where to find them when they had hidden themselves carefully away. Tommy felt sure that Jerry was crying,—they were sitting on the chairs outside one of the prisons,—but he pretended not to notice the tears, and, as he nestled up more closely to Jerry, he started whistling between his teeth, in a faltering falsetto voice, "When Johnny comes marching home," with a vague idea that a little martial music might help to rouse his brother. But Jerry at last uttered a feeble but anguished "Don't, Tommy dear!" feeling the while that, despite his own superior years, Tommy was the braver man of the two.

At last Jerry and Tommy were observed by the vigilant eye of a policeman who was going on his round. They were far too tired now to attempt to keep moving on. The policeman asked, "How long have you been out?"

"Oh!" said the boys, "we were out before breakfast to fetch the milk for Aunt Martha." "What 's that you 've got in the jug there?" "Why, that 's Aunt Martha's milk." There was a long silence after this. The man ran the light of his bull's-eye rapidly over the boys, and, asking them no more questions, said, "Come along, lads, with me, and we 'll see if we can't find your Aunt Martha for you."

A dim feeling of respect for the uniform prevented the boys from flinging their arms gratefully round the policeman. They followed him with pattering footsteps as he strode grandly along before them. He seemed to them at that moment like some great and good giant.

He took them to the police station, where there were many more policemen, sitting about a fire. They got the boys to tell them their aunt's address, and then they tanged away at a buzzy thing in the corner of the room.

The men were puzzled by the milk still remaining in the jug.

"Why," they said to one another, "these lads must have carried their milk for miles; for if they started from Tower Road, down by the docks, and had come straight up here to Islington, it 's a good six or seven miles. And to think of all the dodging in and out that the boys must have done! Now, lads, you 'd better drink up your milk, or else it must be thrown away." The boys felt, somehow, that they could not drink that milk. What would Aunt Martha think of them?

"Are n't you very tired, you little chaps, and don't you want to go to sleep?" one plump policeman inquired.

Jerry said, "No"; but Tommy's gray little face plainly said, "Yes; I 'm very sleepy." So a rug and a bag were given to him for pillow and coverlet. He lay down on the floor, and, as he fell asleep, he felt Jerry's head resting on his shoulder, and Jerry's arm creeping round his back. Tommy was soon dreaming busily. He was Uncle Gobo, and Jerry was rid-

ing round and round on the back of a monkey, while a great black steamer was racing madly after them, puffing and fuming away, when suddenly it gave a great whistle. It was a peculiar whistle, one that Tommy knew very well. Up he started from his place on the floor. Jerry's head fell to the ground with a thud. "That 'll wake *him* up," thought Tommy, and calling out, "That 's father's whistle; I should know it anywhere!" the child sprang forward and with a bound across the room darted out of the station door into the dimly lighted street. And there stood father—real father—outside! The policemen came hurrying out in a lumbering manner after Tommy, who, they thought, was in a fit, and was wandering in his sleep as well as in his mind.

"It 's as well, sir, that you came when you did," said the inspector, "for at three o'clock we were going to take these youngsters over to the workhouse." When their father entered the brightly lighted police station, his glance fell at once on the milk-jug, and he gave a strange kind of gulping laugh as he said, turning to the boys: "Well, your Aunt Martha 'll be glad enough to see that jug again, for she had got it into her head, somehow, that you 'd broken her jug, and so did n't dare to come home again."

The boys returned home to their mother and to the country the next day. They never, they said, wanted to go to London again. It was "such a dark, ugly place, with no sunshine; and the children there were all so wicked." Tommy, however, as they jogged quietly along in the little bakery cart from the station, through the little town, remarked in a sad little voice to Jerry, "But I do wonder, though, what Buffalo Bill is *really* like?"

"Why," replied Jerry, with his old self-assured manner of superiority returning to him, "why, Tommy, it 's just like what you can see for yourself on the boards over there."



"COMPRENEZ-VOUS?"

BY JENNIE BETTS HARTSWICK.

A QUAIN Dutch doll and a doll from France
One birthday morning met by chance;
And the Juffrouw said to Mademoiselle
In politest Dutch, "I hope you 're well."

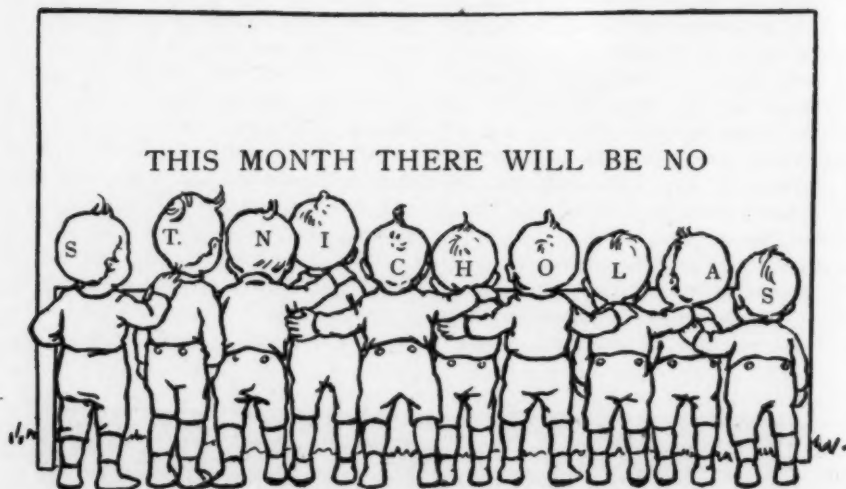
But the doll from Paris shook her head,
And in her very best French she said:
"I regret, indeed, that I cannot tell
What your meaning is—but I hope you 're
well."

So the doll with the wooden countenance
And the waxen lady that came from France
In courteous silence together lay
In the shadowy dawn of that festal day.

But by and by, when the room grew light,
A little maid in a nightgown white
Peeped in, as her loving parents planned,
With the sparkling eyes of Yankee-land.

And never a single word said she,
But she *smiled* as brightly as could be;
And though those dolls were of wax and
wood,
It really seemed that they understood.

For you may journey many a mile,
But, wherever you go, a smile 's a smile!
And its meaning is easy to understand
In Holland, in France, or in Yankee-land.



TEN LITTLE APRIL FOOLS.

JOSEY AND THE CHIPMUNK.

BY SYDNEY REID.

[This story was begun in the November number.]

CHAPTER XII.

A CALL ON THE FROGS — WHERE THE SHEEP LIVE — THE WOLF AND THE CHIPMUNK QUARREL.

The frogs' country lay all along the river-bank. In the quiet places of the water the bulrushes grew like a forest, and there were great stretches covered with lily-leaves so large that Josey might have walked upon the river by stepping from leaf to leaf.

As she went forward into the heart of this country she heard big, big voices that called: "More room! More room! More room!" and little tiny voices that cried, "Too deep! Too deep! Too deep!"

Presently she came out in a broad, open place among the bulrushes, where hundreds of the frogs were sitting on the lily-leaves. They were of all sizes — some so small that one could hardly see them, and others very large. In the middle there sat one who was as big as a tea-kettle. He seemed to be the king, so the little girl walked toward him. When she got in front of him she dropped a curtsy. The chipmunk sat upon her shoulder, and Ethel was smiling in her arms. All the frogs were silent, and the big one stared at Josey.

"Well!" he said at last.

The little girl dropped another curtsy.

"We are travelers," she said, "going about and seeing the countries; so of course we had to see yours. Do you like to live in it?" asked Josey.

"Of course," replied the frog. "No people in the world have such a fine country as we, unless it is the Dutch."

"But I should think that you would catch your death of cold," Josey remarked.

"Not at all. There's no more fog here than there is in Holland or England."

"But you get yourselves so dreadfully wet."

"That does not do us a bit of harm. We live out of doors all the time. It is the people who are too fussy about their precious selves who are always sick. You never heard of a whale catching cold, did you?"

"Why, no."

"No more did anybody else. Whales don't catch cold, because they live out of doors all the time."

"But that's all nonsense!" said the chipmunk, impatiently. "Whales can't catch cold."

"Let me give you a bit of advice, young man," said the big frog, severely. "Never interrupt your elders; don't be too positive; and never, *never*, NEVER play practical jokes."

"Well, but whales can't catch cold," said the chipmunk, positively.

"How many whales have you seen?" asked the big frog.

"I saw a picture of one once," said the chipmunk, after a pause.

"And it had no cold?"

"I am sure that it had none."

"Very well, then. You should say that the whale that you once saw in the picture had no cold. And you should stop there and not try to tell us about whales that you never saw and don't know anything about. And now, just remember my advice: never interrupt your elders; don't be too positive; and never, *never*, NEVER play practical jokes."

"Why do you say not to play practical jokes?" asked Josey, sitting down comfortably and crossing her feet.

"Because," said the big frog, "they make your friends angry. No one likes to be made to look foolish, and that is what practical jokes do to the people they are played upon. Then,

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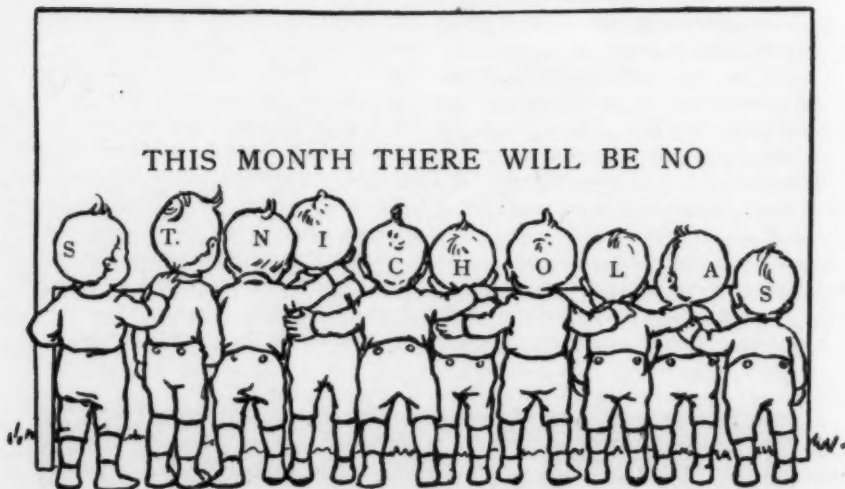
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"Because," said the big frog, "they make your friends angry. No one likes to be made to look foolish, and that is what practical jokes do to the people they are played upon. Then,

again, the practical jokes don't always turn out exactly the way you want them to turn out."



"THE FRENCH ARE COMING!"

Just at that moment the chipmunk, who had been frisking about behind the big frog, gave a shout: "The French are coming! The French are coming!"

The frogs never stopped to look about them. They all jumped together and disappeared in the water—even the little ones who had been squealing about its being too deep. They hurried down and hid in the mud at the bottom as if they did not think it was even deep enough.

"Why did you do that?" asked Josey, reproachfully.

"I wanted to see them jump," said the chipmunk, who did not seem a bit sorry.

The frogs did not come up again, and so Josey and her friends went away up the river-bank and through the woods, on and on, and on and on, till they came to the country where all the lambs live.

When they came to the gate of the lambs' country, some of the lambs ran to meet them. Many wore broad, cherry-colored ribbons about their necks, tied in bows at the throat. They had big, gentle eyes, and fleece that was as white as snow and as soft as sea-foam. Josey shouted and ran toward the pretty things.

They stopped and threw their heads up in the air to look at her, and then fairly fell over one another running away. As they ran they kept screaming:

"Ma-a-a-a-a-a-a-a! Ma-a-a-a-a-a-a-a! Ma-a-a-a-a-a-a-a! She was chasing us!"

"Oh, was that what they were running for?" asked Josey. "I only wanted to pet them and let my baby see how pretty they are."

The sheep were in a dreadful flutter at first, but by and by they became calmer. Two or three of the eldest ones sniffed at Josey and Ethel and the chipmunk, and said they smelt just like old friends.

"Why, we would n't hurt a curl of your wool," said the chipmunk. "We would n't hurt them. I'm very fierce with lions and tigers and things of that sort, and I'm death on wolves, but I never hurt a lamb in my life. I would think it beneath my dignity."

The lambs having recovered from their fright, Josey asked if they could not sing something for the visitors, and the mothers answered that they certainly should. So the lambs were formed in a circle about their visitors, and they sang this song:

RUN TO MOTHER.

If you hurt your little foot,
Run to mother! Run to mother!
If your pretty face is cut,
Run to mother, mother, maa!
Or if you tear your clothes,
Or fall upon your nose,
Go tell her all your woes—
Run to mother, mother, mother!

CHORUS: Maa, maa, maa! Don't you hear me crying?
Maa, maa, maa! I am almost dying!
Maa, maa, maa! Hurry! Hurry! Run!
Nothing now will make me well but candy or a bun!

She 's the doctor, she 's the nurse—
Run to mother! Run to mother!
She has pennies in her purse—
Run to mother, mother, maa!
She has apples, she has cake,
And sweet taffy she can bake,
And we love her for their sake—
Run to mother, mother, mother!

CHORUS: Maa, maa, maa! etc.

"Is n't it dreadful!" said one of the old sheep. "Somebody has gone and changed the words of that beautiful song."

"It's you!" she exclaimed, suddenly pointing at the little black lamb, who had turned his head away and stuffed his mouth with wool to prevent himself from laughing out loud. "You're the one that taught those new words to your brothers and sisters about only loving your mother because she gives you things, and making out that you care only to get buns!"

"Well, it's true," said the lamb, with an impudent caper. "I've found that the one that makes the most trouble gets the most good things. So I'm going to make as much trouble as I can." He cut another caper and dashed away down the field.

"Did you hear that?" asked the old sheep. "Is n't that dreadful? I don't know what I'll do with that one. He's spoiling the other lambs," continued the old sheep. "He teaches them to practise maaing, and to pretend that they are hurt so that they may get things to comfort them. They have me worried about nothing."

While they were talking they heard a dreadful screaming begin. Some lamb kept crying, "Maa! maa! maa! maa! maa!" as if in great

fear and pain. The sheep all ran toward the fence, and Josey and the chipmunk ran with them, carrying Ethel. When they looked over the fence, they saw a great wolf which had just let go of the black lamb. The lamb dived through a small hole in the fence and ran to his mother, screaming: "Maa! maa! maa!"

The old sheep turned him round and round.

"You bad, good little thing! you might have been eaten up, and it would have served you right!—and what would I have done?" she said, wiping her eyes with a paw. "How often must I tell you to stay in the field?"

Josey gave the lamb a biscuit, and he gradually stopped trembling, for he was more frightened than hurt. The old sheep went and looked over the fence at the wolf.

"You wicked wretch!" she said; "what do you mean by hurting my lamb?"

The wolf was sitting down in an easy position. His mouth was wide open and his eyes shining. He looked as if he was laughing. But he bowed quite politely when the old sheep spoke to him.

"If you come out here I will explain it to you, madam," he said. "I was just coming to complain to you of the actions of that lamb."



"I'M GOING TO MAKE AS MUCH TROUBLE AS I CAN," SAID THE BLACK LAMB.



"IF YOU COME OUT HERE I WILL EXPLAIN IT TO YOU, MADAM," THE WOLF SAID TO THE OLD SHEEP.

"There's not a better lamb anywhere!" said the old sheep.

"That may be, madam, that may be! But if he lived among wolves he would be considered a wild and dangerous character."

"Dangerous!" exclaimed the old sheep, scornfully.

"Yes, indeed, madam. I do assure you it is true. You may not believe me, but he tried to take my life."

"What a wicked story-teller you are!" said the old sheep. "Do you dare to say that my innocent angel tried to take your life?"

"On my honor as a wolf, he did. He tried to choke me. He put his back in my mouth and would not take it out. If you will come out here I will explain it all to you."

Saying this, the wolf smiled in a most innocent manner. But Josey caught hold of the old sheep's fleece, and said, "Don't go!"

"No," said the chipmunk, "don't go! I believe that he's a bold, bad creature, in spite

of his politeness. He only wants to get you out there so he can eat you up. I believe that he would like to eat us *all* up!"

The wolf curled his nose in a very contemptuous fashion.

"Wolves don't eat insects!" he said, glancing at the chipmunk.

At this the chipmunk flew into a terrible rage.

"Insect, sir!" he said. "Did you dare to hint that I am an insect? Yes, you did, sir! Don't prevaricate, sir! You have insulted me, sir, and you shall answer for it!"

In the first moment of his anger the chipmunk had dived down the back of Josey's neck. As he spoke he climbed up and peeped over her shoulder with one eye. Seeing that the wolf had not risen, but sat in his place shaking with something,—was it with fear?—he doubled his fist at the wolf and went on: "Don't prevaricate, sir! Don't dare to prevaricate with me! You have insulted me, sir, and you shall answer for it! What did you mean, sir, by calling me an insect? Don't answer me back, sir! What did you mean? Come up here and I'll show you about insects! Just come here! Come half-way, if you dare! Insect, indeed! To me! Why, sir, I am as big as dozens of insects!"

"Well, if you are," said Josey, in a low voice, "it's nothing to boast about."

"Oh, yes, it is!" replied the angry chipmunk. "He's not going to boast over me about insects or anything else!"

All this time the wolf kept on shaking in a very strange manner. The sheep afterward said that he was laughing, but the chipmunk



"THE CHIPMUNK DOUBLED HIS FIST AT THE WOLF."

was quite convinced that his big words had frightened him. Suddenly the wolf threw his head round, rose to his feet, and dashed off, seeming to leave a gray streak behind him, he flew so fast.

The chipmunk jumped down and climbed

the fence. "Come back, you coward!" he said. "I knew that he would never dare to face me."

"Indeed, it was not you that made him run," said the sheep. "He saw Reginald coming, and knew that he had better be off."

"Who is Reginald?" asked Josey

"Reginald is the shepherd's dog," said the old sheep, "and he's a hero. He is in charge of all this place about here, and would give his life for us. See, there he goes now, chasing the wolf. If Reginald catches him, the old rascal will get Ballyhoo."

When they went back into the meadow, they found all the sheep and lambs gathered there about the little black lamb. He seemed to think that he was a good deal of a hero. He made so many interruptions when his mother began to tell the story that at last he had to be sent away in disgrace.

Soon afterward Reginald himself returned from his long run after the wolf.

"Say," said the black lamb, swaggering up—"say, Mr. Reginald, did you see me when I met the wolf outside the fence?"

"Yes, I saw you," said Reginald, looking down at the little fellow. "Were you much hurt?"

"Pooh! It was nothing!" said the lamb. "He bit me when I was n't looking. I gave him something for himself that he did n't like very much. I

butted him in the ribs, and you should have seen him scorch!"

"What?" spoke up the chipmunk, in surprise. "Do you mean to say that it was you who frightened him away?"

"If I did n't, I'd like to know who did!" exclaimed the black lamb.

"Why, he could not stand the awful gleam of my eye," said the chipmunk.

"Oh!" said the black lamb, turning a somersault. "The wolf could not stand the awful gleam of his eye! That is very funny! Why, how big do you think you are, Chippy?"



JOSEY COMES TO THE FROGS' COUNTRY.



"THEY WENT DOWN THE ROAD FLYING." (SEE PAGE 532.)

"I'm just as big as I choose to be. If I wanted to be bigger, perhaps I could be. It is no one's business how big I am," answered the chipmunk, stiffly.

"Here, you come with me," said Reginald at this moment, leading the black lamb away by the ear.

"You don't think I'm too little, do you?" the chipmunk asked Josey.

"Why," said the little girl, "I think that you're just the right size for a chipmunk."

It was then quite late, so when Reginald came back he took them to supper, and afterward showed them a beautiful room to sleep in. They were so tired with their long journey that they all went to sleep in no time, and dreamed ever so many pleasant things.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE.

EARLY the next morning Josey, Ethel, and the chipmunk left the lambs' country.

When they passed through the gate they came to a fine open country where it was all up hill and down dale for miles and miles. The chipmunk made Ethel carry him for a time so that he should not tire Josey, but as Josey was carrying Ethel all the time it did not make so very much difference.

They went on and on and on, till, looking over into the next country, they saw a very large shoe with windows in the side of it, a door in the toe, and a chimney at the top.

"Oh!" said Josey. "If you please, we will get down here. That may be the shoe that the old woman lives in who 'has so many children she does n't know what to do.' We must pay her a visit."

Josey and her friends went on down the road, and, sure enough, they saw the old woman sitting on the door-step reading a slip of paper that she held in her hand. The front yard was very neat and was filled with beautiful flowers.

When they came to the garden gate, a man passed them, opened the gate, and walked up the path to the place where the old woman was sitting. On his head was an old hat, and on his back a big pack. The old woman looked up at him when he stopped in front of her. He set the pack down and opened it.

"I have here, ma'am," he said, "the greatest invention of the age. Yes, ma'am, that is true—the greatest invention of this or any other age. It is called the Mother's Friend, and does half the work of taking care of a family. The very greatest invention of the age, ma'am—and I will sell it to you cheap for cash."

The old woman did not seem to be much interested at first in what the man was saying, but at last she lifted her head and said, "Is it a machine to do a woman's work?"

"Yes, ma'am; yes, ma'am! Do your work just the same way as you did it the last time I was here. It acts just like a mother to the children—they can hardly tell the difference."

"Well," said the old woman, "you might as well show me how the invention works."

"Yes, ma'am; yes, ma'am!" said the peddler, setting up the contrivance. "It scolds the children and whips them at the same time."

The peddler stepped backward and looked at the old woman with a broad smile. When he saw her expression he stopped smiling.

"Wait till I come back," she said — "you just wait!"

She said it in such a tone that he hurried and packed the machine, and was down at the gate by the time she returned in a hurry with a very determined look, and carrying the broom. When the peddler saw what she held in her hand he flew down the road so fast that all they could see was the dust he raised.

"As if I ever whipped the dear little darlings!" she continued.

Just then she caught sight of Josey and the chipmunk.

"What do you want, little girl?" the old woman asked in a very pleasant tone.

"We are travelers who have come to call on

woman, very sadly, sitting down on the steps and hiding her face. Josey thought she was crying.

"They must have been very bad to go away and leave you alone like this," she said.

"They were not bad children," said the old woman. "They were the best children that ever were. I never had any trouble with them, and they went away because they grew up."

"But you did have to scold them sometimes, did n't you?"

"Never once," said the old woman.

"Why," said the chipmunk, "it is in all the books! The books say:

"There was an old woman who lived in a shoe;

She had so many children she did n't know what to do.

Then the books go on to say that you gave them a whipping and sent them to bed."

"Well, the books are not always right," said the old woman. "If they were ever bad I've forgotten all about it now. Oh, dear! oh, dear!



"“WAIT TILL I COME BACK,” SHE SAID — “YOU JUST WAIT!””

you," said Josey, making her a graceful curtsy. "We have read about you and the children, and wanted to see how they were."

"They've all gone away!" said the old

but I wish that I had them back! Indeed I do — the whole twenty-four of them."

When the old woman said this she began to cry, and Josey felt so sorry for her that she

said, "Never mind! We will stay with you to-night, and you can play that we are the children."

"Oh, can I?" said the old woman. "Then you must rush about and knock things down and make a great noise, and I must scold and threaten to tell your father and say that you're the worst children I ever saw."

So Josey and the chipmunk began to race about, making a great noise and knocking things down, and the old woman ran after them, saying that they were the worst children she ever saw. At last she was so tired she had to stop; but she said that she had greatly enjoyed it

After they had had their supper—and it was

a glorious supper; there was mince-pie and apple-pie and pumpkin-pie and plum-cake and currant-jelly and honey—they went upstairs to the children's big bedroom. Then they fell asleep and dreamed the grandest sort of dreams.

When they awoke there was the old woman up and scolding about the house as cheerfully as could be. She said they were the worst children that she ever met, and then she gave them a feast that they remembered for many a long day.

Then the old hired man took them in his wagon, and after they had promised to visit the shoe whenever they came that way again, they went down the road flying.

(To be concluded.)



A FIRST-OF-APRIL SHOWER—"OH, MY! IT 'S WAININ'!"



BY TUDOR JENKS.

THE HON. SAMUEL P. DRAGON had begun to show signs of age. His scales, once so brilliantly green, were turning gray; his wings creaked when folded after flight; and his eyes seldom glowed like red-hot coals, but were becoming ashy.

He no longer sallied forth whenever the clank of armor was heard outside of the cave, and, indeed, would not bestir himself unless a knight attempted to enter. Even then he scarcely exerted himself more than to emit a gentle roar and to puff a little flame toward the intruder.

Sammy, the eldest son, was at boarding-school, and could be home only during his vacations; but the other little dragons were now so well grown that Mrs. Dragon was justly proud of them. The very youngest of all had proved that he was a worthy son of the Hon. Samuel P. Dragon; for he had been sent out to market on several different nights, and had succeeded very well—securing fairly plump men. As a reward he now was allowed to sit up a little earlier than sunrise—which made him both proud and sleepy.

Though the little dragons were well grown, having well-hardened scales, and bright, fiery

eyes, and could spout flames nearly as well as their father, they had not lost their fondness for stories.

It happened to be vacation-time, and Samuel Dragon, Jr., was at home. The younger members of the family had been much pleased to see their big brother, and to hear his stories of life at school—of the studies; of the athletic games, where he had won a prize for flying, and another in a tail-whisking contest; and of how he had taken second honors in blowing flames. But at length he became tired of telling his school-boy adventures, and seemed annoyed that the eager youngsters would not let him rest.

"The sun will be up before long," he said to his mother, Scalena Dragon. "Is n't it time for the children to go to bed?"

"Not quite yet," she replied good-naturedly. "But, children, you need n't bother your brother. Remember that he is busy during all the long night hours while at boarding-school, and needs his daylight sleep."

"But, mother," insisted the little ones, "we do love to hear stories, and we have heard your Man Stories over and over again."

"If a story is what you want," said their

father, with much good-nature, "I will tell you one of my adventures—a new one."

"Oh, that will be just scorching!" one of the children exclaimed.

"No slang in this cave!" said their mother, waving a claw reprovingly. "Leave such practices to human children who do not know any better. Try to cultivate high ideals. Be

worthy of your favorite hero—of brave St. Dragon who killed George of England!"

This appeal made the children serious, and for a moment none of them spoke. But the eldest, Sammy, said:

"Oh, by the way, mama, one of the dragon professors at school declared that among men there is actually a myth that George killed our St. Dragon!"

"Now, how supremely absurd!" cried Mrs. Dragon; and all the family rattled their wings as they laughed smokily.

When their mirthful glee had become

quieted somewhat, the Hon. Samuel P. Dragon spoke to them in a more serious vein:

"The idea of a knight overcoming a dragon—except, of course, by magic or accident—is

too ridiculous to be worth a crunch of the teeth. But, at the same time, even the wisest dragon may now and then make a mistake. I once was fooled myself."

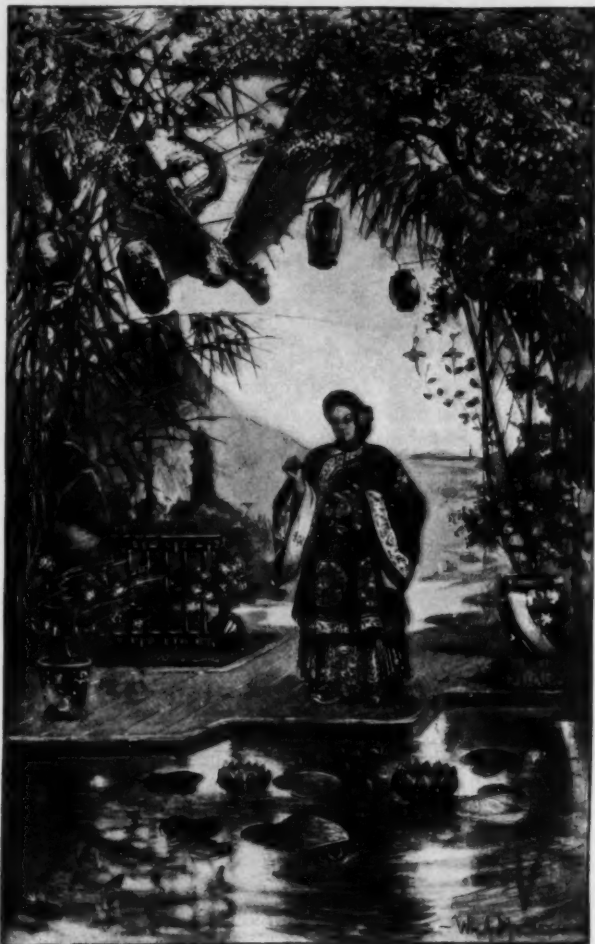
"I can't believe it!" said Mrs. Dragon, warmly, while flickering flames of sympathy glowed in her loving eyes.

"It is true, nevertheless," said her husband.

"Of course," he hastened to add, "it was when I was yet young and foolish. And still, the trick by which I was deceived was really a clever one."

"Do tell us about that!" besought the little dragons, crawling nearer to him.

"Yes, do!" Mrs. Dragon said. "Come, dear, here is a comfortable flat rock with a cool rivulet trickling over the top. Settle yourself right where it is dampest, and keep chilled. You are not so young as you once were, Samuel, and should have the dampest perches in all the cave."



"ONE DAY, WHEN SHE WAS FEEDING HER GOLDFISH, I SUDDENLY DASHED DOWN."

"Thank you, Scalena," was the affectionate reply, as he took the moist and cool place she had pointed out. "I do appreciate the comforts of life more than I did. Why, formerly

I did not mind being out in the broad sunshine at midday; but now even the morning light makes my old scales creak."

"Won't you tell us the story, father?" asked the eldest son.

"Certainly; I almost forgot."

When the whole family had coiled themselves among their favorite stalagmites, the Hon. Samuel P. Dragon blew a blast of fire or two to clear his throat, and told the story:

"As I said, I was young in those days, and knew little of the great world. Just how long ago it was I do not pretend to say within a hundred years or so, but it was before I was married. I boarded with a pleasant old dinosaur in a commodious chalky cave with a northeastern exposure. The men upon whom we lived then were not covered with the hard shells, which was much more convenient; it saved the trouble of shelling them when caught, and so we did not have to keep our claws sharp with sandstone-rubbing. The place where we lived was far nearer the sunrise than this, and the men, though well flavored, were not like these. They had beautiful slanting eyes like a dragon's, and a long black braid of hair hung down their backs. Their wooden caves were built of bamboo. You see, they too, like all modern men, were not satisfied with this world as it is, but must cut it into little pieces and make their curious rubbish-heaps to live in."

"How about your adventure, father?" asked Samuel, Jr., fearing that the old dragon would wander from his subject.

"Sammy," said his mother, "let your father tell his story in his own way. I should think

that your teacher would tell you that it is n't polite to interrupt one another as men do."

"I beg pardon," said Sammy, abashed at being reproved before the younger ones, who could not help giggling a little to see the pompous school-boy taken down.

"No harm done," said his kind father, placing one claw affectionately upon his son's saw-toothed spine. "I know that I am apt to be flighty. I will get on with my story. Well, not far from our cave was a large settlement of men. In the midst of them lived one they called their emperor, a very fine plump crea-

ture, in the best of condition. I used to dream of dining upon him, but could never catch him alone; he was always attended by a herd of other men. Finally I gave up the idea, but determined to capture his daughter instead. She, though not so fat as her father, was ready for the table.

"In this I succeeded very neatly. One day, when she was out feeding her goldfish, I suddenly dashed down from a mountain-peak not too distant, picked her up, and winged my way to the cave. A number of arrows were fired at me; but of course they only tickled a little, and I was soon out of reach.

"When I reached the cave, I put the emperor's daughter in the refrigerator, and stationed myself near the door of our home, in readiness to drive away any rascally man or men who might come to take my dinner."

"Oh, papa, did you kill her?" asked one of the younger children, smiling hungrily.

"Of course he did n't!" said Sammy, Jr.,



"AS WE SAILED ALOFT, I DEVOTED MYSELF TO TEARING HIM TO LITTLE BITS." (SEE PAGE 536.)

impatiently. "Why, it would spoil her for eating! Have n't you learned that yet? It's very easy to see you have n't been to school!"

"There, don't be so superior, if you are in your second year," said Scalena Dragon to her son. "Let your father go on with his story."

"No; I like to keep them alive for a while," said the old dragon, "till they get cooled to the proper temperature. Meanwhile, as I said, I waited at the door

of the cave. I knew that some of the emperor's people would come bothering me at first, and I wished to be ready for them. I expected a whole flock of them with bows and arrows and sharp sticks; but, to my surprise, only one came, and that after a long delay. About nightfall, and just as I was becoming hungry, I saw a man—a very large one, I thought him the largest I ever saw—come boldly to the door of the cave. He was armed only with one of those long pointed sticks that men seem to think are good for fighting dragons."

"Spears, father," said Sammy, Jr.

"I know, I know," said his father, sharply. "I have been a long time out of school, but I know a spear when I see one as well as you do—better, perhaps. Well, this very large man was incased in a thick sort of dress, and wore a queer head-covering."

"Was he a knight?" asked Mrs. Dragon.

"Not exactly, my love," her husband replied; "but he seemed quite as troublesome a creature. Well, of course, as soon as he was within fair clawing distance, I sprang toward him, and buried my claws in his body. To my surprise, he did n't seem to mind this at all. He made no outcry, did not attempt



"THIS TIME SHE DID N'T GET AWAY." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

to use his weapon, but simply *rose up into the air*. This surprised me still more. I had never seen a man fly, and I did not know that they could fly. But nevertheless I held on, and made up my mind to fight him in the air, if he preferred that to a combat on the ground. Away we went, higher and higher, with increasing speed. As we sailed aloft, I devoted myself to tearing him to little bits. He really made no resistance, and allowed me to do whatever I chose. We shot upward and away so rapidly, however, that by the time I had succeeded in tearing off his thick quilted dress we must have been a long flight from the cave. When I had reached the man's own body, I drove one claw deeply into him, and discovered that—he was *stuffed with straw*."

All the little dragons were so much amused that they rattled their scales and whacked their tails against the rocks; and even Scalena Dragon was forced to spread her jaws in a wide, green smile of amusement.

"Yes, my dears," said father Dragon; "I was tearing a dummy to pieces, and my mouth was filled with burning straw. Of course I at once dropped the figure, and let myself descend to the ground. Then I looked upward, and discovered that the dummy, which I had

set on fire with my breath, was sailing away into the air, attached to a great machine made of paper stretched flat upon sticks, and carried along by the wind."

"Father, was it what the men call a kite?" asked Sammy, Jr., speaking more respectfully than before.

"I believe so, my son. The emperor's people must have made the dummy, attached it to the machine, and then let it come up close to the door of the cave. Of course I made my way home as rapidly as I could. But I was too late. While I was chasing the dummy the people had robbed my refrigerator, and so I had to go supperless to bed. I was a little angry at first; but when I had thought it over, and had seen how cleverly I had been tricked, I could not help laughing at myself. I never told anybody about it before—not even your mother. I never mentioned it, Scalena?"

"Never," said Mrs. Dragon. "It was certainly very ingenious. Those must have been exceedingly bright creatures, for men. They are not often so sagacious."

"No," said the Hon. Samuel P. Dragon. "Those were the cleverest little fellows I have ever seen. They are so wise that they even admire dragons. Did you know that they have a picture of one on their flag?"

"I did n't know it," said Mrs. Dragon. "Did you, Sammy?"

"I guess I may have known it," said Sammy, cautiously. "I think I remember something about it in one of my lessons at school."

"What became of the emperor's daughter?" asked one of the little dragons, who seemed quite depressed because his father had lost his dinner.

"Don't let the story end with a disappointment, father," said Scalena Dragon, "because I'm afraid the children won't sleep well unless you can tell them that it turned out all right in the end."

"Dear child!" said the Hon. Samuel P. Dragon, taking his youngest on his knee, "you can go to sleep happily, love. Your father caught the emperor's daughter another time, and this time she did n't get away. I ate her—years and years ago. And very nice she was, too. It is almost sunrise, darling. The scorcher will soon be here. Run away, children, and sleep till the moon comes out again."

The dragon family slowly rose, and went yawning to bed; but before the last one was asleep, the sun was peeping over the hills, and far away could be heard faint cries of:

"Cock-a-doodle-doo-o!"



ARE YOU GOING TO THE PARIS EXPOSITION?

BY MARGARET E. CALDWELL.



Over the land are young girls who are beginning to plan a trip to the Paris Exposition. By means of tourists' clubs, with their low rates and monthly payments, many girls of small means, girls who earn their own living, will be able to go. To these, and especially to such of them as have traveled little, a few suggestions may prove helpful.

Of course you are going not only for the sake of the enjoyment that I hope you will have, but also for the real benefit to be gained. Perhaps some of you may never go abroad again, and so are anxious to make all possible use of this opportunity. You ought, therefore, to begin to get ready as early as possible. For that matter, any girl who expects ever to go abroad ought all the time to be making ready—to be storing her mind with facts and fancies that she will find helpful in foreign lands.

It has been said that traveling helps to make geography and history real. To all girls I would say, "Try to have some geography and history to realize."

You have studied both in school, but, unless you are an exceptional scholar, when you visit foreign lands you will find that your school knowledge is hazy and indistinct.

To us who go from the United States, Paris itself will probably be found one of the most interesting features of our trip to the French Exposition.

When you hear people talking of the "Trianon," "St. Cloud," or "Fontainebleau," are you really sure the names mean anything to you? Do you know why they are famous?

A good guide-book will be a help, of course,

but you will probably not have time enough for an exhaustive study even of that. Then, too, if you depend upon gaining your knowledge of the history of these noted places from the guide-book as you go along, you will probably find when you reach home, and are trying to tell some one about your travels, that you have a regular "Mrs. Malaprop" idea of it all. Your historical anecdotes may be attributed to the wrong people, and the scenes of interesting events will very likely be laid in the wrong places.

Do your looking up and reading up *now*, while you are at home and have the time.

But if not used to solid reading, do not plunge boldly into a French history that goes back beyond the days of Charlemagne, and then feel sad and discouraged when you discover that you cannot remember the names and dates.

Read the story-books of travel. But read them intelligently. When you see in one something about "poor Marie Louise, whose history was one of life's riddles," if you do not know why her history was one of life's riddles, look it up. Find out all that you can about her strange career.

When you read something about "Marie Antoinette's Swiss cottage," and the trouble that it caused, do you not feel interested to know what the trouble was, and why a Swiss cottage caused it?

Then, about Marie Antoinette herself. Are you familiar enough with her story to make your visit to the Tuileries a double pleasure because you can, in fancy, people it, as you walk, with the gay throng who once made history there?

Unless you know the story of the people who made the history of these places, you are seeing only wood and stone; you are missing the best—the vital, breathing part, the

life. Every girl who has clearly settled in her mind any facts of French history, who knows anything about the life-stories of France's famous people, or about the places where the history was made or the lives lived, will find that her knowledge has added wonderfully to her enjoyment of the trip.

To be sure, you may have a guide who can tell you about the places that you are visiting, but the stories that you hear there will not take the hold on you, will not interest you, as do the facts with which you were familiar beforehand. It will be the old acquaintances among the Paris sights that you will enjoy most and remember best.

Looking up names of which you are doubtful, or with which you are unfamiliar, having to go to the encyclopedia about them, interests you in them—makes you remember them. Other characters and scenes group themselves with these, and before you realize it you will have a fair knowledge of French history.

Long ago Dr. Johnson said: "What we read with inclination makes a strong impression; what we read as a task is of little use." This is the reason that what you look up now of your own accord will impress itself more strongly on your mind and interest you more than your school studies. You are thinking, as you read of some historic places: "Next summer, perhaps, I shall be there. Next summer, perhaps, I shall see them."

And as it is with the city, so it will be with the great Exposition itself. Try to know something about the wonders gathered there. Read every promising scrap about the Paris Exposition that you see in the papers. Note the things that interest you. Make an effort, when there, to see these especially.

Of course, whatever knowledge of French you have, or even may acquire, will be useful. As all travelers tell you, there is almost always some one at hand who can speak or understand English. But, like the policeman whom the newspapers joke about, the English-speaking person is not always available. When you need him most you may not know just where to find him. You may miss your train some day when you are looking for some one to

translate the directions posted about the stations.

It will be a source of great satisfaction to you if you can read the signs you see about the streets, and can tell what is on the bills of fare, or, supposing you happen to be separated from your party, if you know enough French to inquire your way, or, if you cannot speak that language well, to write a request for directions.

Every ordinary French word that you know will add to your comfort. It gives one a helpless feeling to be in a foreign land and to know nothing of its language. If you have even a slight knowledge of French, when you hear the natives chattering you feel as did the new little boy at the kindergarten when he first saw the children making flowers: "I want to try! Let me do it, too!" And you do try, and you gain confidence in your powers, and soon you will find that you are making yourself understood, and that you have a number of phrases at command.

You will have a kindlier feeling toward a people whose language you can speak. You will feel more interested in them. As you study them and learn their ways, your own ideas of life and humanity will be broadened and deepened. This is one of the great advantages of travel. We are lifted out of our own little grooves, and made to see that other people, whose ways are not our ways, and whose opinions differ from ours, are yet living good and useful lives. Too many people miss this advantage because they hold themselves aloof, because they look on the strangers as "foreign and outlandish," and never come near enough really to know them, and the good that is in them.

And now for another suggestion. Cultivate the habit of observation. If you are weak in this, begin to-day to develop your powers. Many persons came back from the World's Fair at Chicago with their minds all a confused jumble. Ask them what they saw, and they would invariably reply, "Oh, I saw so much that I really can't remember any one thing." The objects that they saw made on their brains no more lasting impression than on the retina of their eyes. They knew that they "had a

lovely time," and often were "dreadfully tired," and that their "hotel was bad," and, apparently, that was nearly all that they did know. Not being used to observing, they had seen so much that they were not able to assimilate anything. Many people go through picture-galleries in the same blind way. They see so many pictures that no single one impresses them sufficiently to take its place on "memory's wall." Make up your mind that you will notice well. Make up your mind that you will remember the best of what you see.

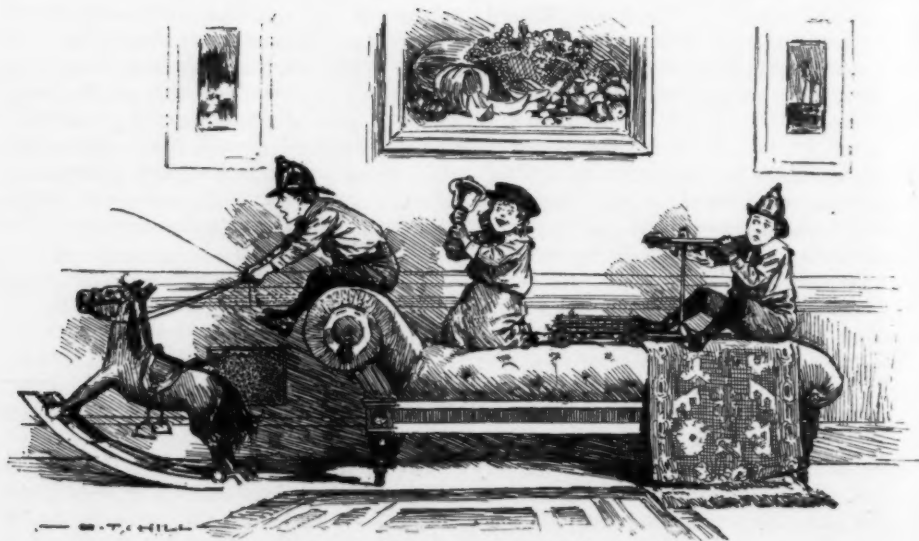
The girl who goes to the Paris Exposition leaving no one behind for whose benefit she is sight-seeing is poor indeed. Surely each of you has some one to whom you wish to write, to whom you wish to describe your trip so well that it will be her trip, too. If you have such a friend, and if you think of her when you see anything that specially interests you, and if

you say, "Now I will tell her about this—she will enjoy it," you have found the best method of cultivating the memory.

This method, like the quality of mercy, is "twice blessed; it blesseth him who gives and him who takes." By noticing and treasuring up things for your friend, you are writing them indelibly on your own tablets of memory, and they will freshen and enrich your own life.

We all must necessarily spend many lonely hours, and fortunate is the girl or woman who has happy memories to make these hours glad.

Any trip, either at home or abroad, ought to fill the memory with treasures. But a trip to Europe, if you start well equipped with a knowledge of foreign peoples and lands, with faculties wide awake, and with a determination to learn and remember as much as possible, ought to brighten your life and thereby make you happier through all coming years.



DINING-ROOM HOOK AND LADDER COMPANY—GETTING THERE IN A HURRY.

PUNCH AND JUDY; AN APRIL JOKE.

BY E. LOUISE LIDDELL.



"OOH! I'd like to get even with the old torment, some way. He's always spoiling our fun!"

Eleanor Warner started up from her dreamy reverie before the fire in the cozy library, as the voice of her brother Harry came to her through the portière-hung doorway that led to the next room.

"He's too mean

for anything, that's a fact. Why can't we give him a good April fool?"

Eleanor recognized in the second speaker her brother's most intimate friend, whose name was Bert Hendrie.

"It's all nonsense," continued Harry, "to forbid our playing ball on that vacant lot next the church. There's no danger of our breaking the windows, if we're only half-way careful."

"And it is n't old Punch's business, anyway, if we break all the windows," declared Bert. "Just think of his setting the cop after us!"

"Yes, and we had to cut and run so lively that I dropped my new ball and left it behind," said Harry in aggrieved tones.

"And I tore my new coat climbing that plaguy board fence," chimed in Bert. "My! but I'd like to pay off the old sneak!"

Eleanor alternately frowned and smiled as she listened to this spirited dialogue. "Punch is crusty," she said to herself, "but I wish the boys would n't tease him so."

The nickname "Punch" had been bestowed upon the crabbed old colored man partly because of his readiness in using his cane upon

his youthful tormentors, and partly because his crippled grandchild, who lived with him, was named Judy, which naturally suggested Punch. So Punch and Judy they were likely to remain to the end.

The old man earned a poor livelihood by doing "day's works," as he designated the carpet-beating, whitewashing, hoeing, weeding, and other odd jobs he managed to pick up. Judy and he lived in a little tumble-down shanty, close by one of the finest church buildings in town.

Everybody, nearly, wondered why the shanty was allowed to remain, a blot upon the landscape. But there it was, and old Punch was very much in evidence, greatly to the discontent of the boys. For a vacant lot next to the church was a favorite though forbidden playground for the youngsters of the neighborhood, and the old ducky had taken it upon himself to see that the regulation was enforced, and was not loath to invoke the aid of the police, if his own warnings failed.

As a matter of fact, old Punch had so long been imposed upon by his young adversaries, who liked nothing better than to excite him to wrath, that he had come to consider all boys his natural enemies, and lost no opportunity of avenging his injuries whenever and wherever the opportunity offered.

"The old fellow is so suspicious, I don't believe we can fool him very easily," said Harry, after a little thought.

"I have it!" exclaimed Bert.

"I'm all attention," announced Harry.

"Well," said Bert, "you know—or probably you *don't* know—that my mother occasionally sends old Punch a basket of groceries and eatables. Now, my plan is for us to fix up a basket of dummy packages and leave it on his door-step. Then we can watch and see him take it in and take out the things. There is n't

any shade or blind to the kitchen window, so we can see everything that's going on inside."

"Good!" cried Harry. "I can get any quantity of sawdust and shavings from the lumber-yard, and some odd-shaped pieces of wood, too. Jiminy! won't he be hopping mad?"

After a little further discussion of the proposed "April fool," Bert took his leave.

"Why, Nell! you here?" exclaimed Harry, in surprise, on entering the library after his friend's departure.

"I can't deny it," replied Eleanor, smiling. "I was just on the point of coming to express my delight in your joke, when Bert left."

"Oh! you heard, then?" said Harry, looking annoyed.

"Not being hard of hearing, I did," was the mischievous response.

"Well, don't you think it's a good one?" asked Harry, half defiantly.

"I suppose so, as such jokes go," returned the girl, carelessly.

"Say, you won't give us away, will you?" interrogated Harry, anxiously.

"My name is not 'Say,'" she rejoined, teasingly. "Your secret is safe, however, though I really wish you'd think of some better way of getting even, as you call it."

"Oh! I guess that's good enough," responded the youth. "I know you are above this fooling business, but a fellow must have a little fun."

"Very little, evidently," replied Eleanor. "However, if that is your idea of fun, I—"

"You know what I mean well enough," grumbled Harry. "Though I don't know as I care so very much about it, after all. But you know Bert's a great fellow for jokes."

"Well, if you must carry out your plan, and I don't take part, I'll say nothing about it, at least," Eleanor promised.

Her brother looked at her doubtfully. "Honor bright?" he asked.

"Honor bright," she returned, solemnly.

The 1st of April dawned with blue sky and balmy air. The contents of the "dummy" basket had been arranged the evening before in Harry's own room. The various packages had a very deceptive look. An especially large

bundle on top gave a glimpse of a pair of chicken's feet, stuck out in a truly "lifelike manner," as Bert declared.

The precious hamper was left in Harry's charge till the time of delivery, the visit to Punch's shanty being put off till dark in order to guard against any chance of detection, as well as to give the bearers a better opportunity to watch, unobserved, the joke upon their enemy.

A dim light was seen in the little hut when the jokers arrived and left their burden in the rough entrance-way leading to the kitchen.

This done, they lost no time in hiding themselves behind a fence, from which they could command a view of the living-room within. Little Judy was hobbling around, evidently busy preparing the evening meal. A very small fire was burning in a very small stove, but even the diminutive size of both stove and fire appeared to have about exhausted the supply of wood. However, the contents of a coffee-pot and a saucepan on top of the stove were boiling.

Judy proceeded to measure out, very carefully, in the cover of the little tin can that contained it, a small allowance of coffee, which she emptied into the coffee-pot, together with some very black-looking molasses, evidently the very dregs of the bottle from which she poured it.

Next she produced a paper bag containing a mere handful of corn-meal, which she stirred into the boiling water in the saucepan, turning the bag inside out in her anxiety to utilize every particle.

The dim light from the smoking kerosene lamp set forth the grotesqueness of the droll little figure, and at first the boys could scarcely control their laughter at sight of the solemn black face, surrounded by rows of bristling "pig-tails" standing out in every direction from the woolly pate. But when further examination of the pantry by the tiny house-keeper showed it to be as innocent of food as the renowned cupboard of Mother Hubbard in the nursery rhyme, the spectators began to feel decidedly uncomfortable. And when Judy completed her preparations by setting out on the bare table two cracked cups for the coffee

and two saucers and spoons for the porridge, Harry could restrain himself no longer.

"Look here," he whispered; "don't you s'pose they 're going to have any more of a spread than that?"

"How in time should I know?" returned Bert, gruffly. "I did n't dream of their being so con-foundedly short of victuals!"

There was silence for a moment, while Judy stirred the porridge; and the pig-tails bobbed to and fro this time without exciting the merriment of the lookers-on.

"See here," said Bert; "I wonder if we could n't manage to get that basket away before Punch gets along."

"I'd give anything if we could," cried Harry, eagerly.

"Let's try," returned Bert. But the words were hardly spoken before the boys heard the shuffling footsteps of the old dandy, and a moment later his muttered exclamation as he stumbled over the hamper. Another moment and he had entered the little kitchen.

"Oh, daddy!" cried Judy, "has yer done got a penny fo' de milk?"

"Ain't got no penny 't all, honey," replied daddy, looking fondly at the ebony damsel. "Dis am de rent-day, doan' yer know?"

Judy puckered up her face very much as if she would cry. "Dere ain't nuffin', skacely, fo' supper," she said dejectedly.

The old man, however, appeared to be in wonderfully good spirits, considering the state of the larder.

"Jes, look hyer, honey," he said, pushing forward the basket. "Dere 's sumpin' dat 'll do jes' ez well, I 'spects."

Judy clapped her little claw-like hands, and hopped about excitedly.

"Mos' 'pears like I could n' wait till yer gits it open!" she cried.

The old man was down on his knees by this time, tugging at the fastenings that secured the lid.

"Chickun!" fairly screamed the child, as she caught sight of the two sets of yellow toes projecting from the topmost package.

"I'll be hanged if I can stand this," muttered Bert; "I feel too mean to live!"

"Me, too," responded Harry, with superb

disregard of grammatical construction. "Let's light out"; and he began to edge away.

"Hold on! Hold on!" exclaimed Bert. "Here 's a — a miracle, sure! Look, quick!"

Harry looked. Punch was holding up a plump chicken to the admiring gaze of the little cripple.

"That 's worth something anyway, even if all the rest are dummies," declared Bert, with a sigh of relief.

"Might 's well see it out, now," suggested Harry. "Maybe there 's some more hanky-panky business about it."

Sure enough. A bag of delicious brown crul-lers and a loaf of bread came next; then fol-lowed small packages of tea, coffee, and sugar; and last a layer of potatoes.

The investigation of the basket being now concluded, the spectators prepared to go.

"I'd no idea that old Punch could be so human," remarked Harry, as they walked away.

"Nor I," replied Bert; "I move that we treat him differently after this."

"I second the motion," responded Harry, warmly.

"That transformation scene beats me," con-tinued Bert. "Who under the sun could have —"

"Why, Nell, of course," interrupted Harry. "That was all her doing, depend upon it. She does n't approve of practical jokes."

"Why, I must say she 's played a pretty good one on us, anyway," asserted Bert, good-humoredly.

"That 's so. Must have used up every cent of her pocket-money into the bargain," affirmed Harry. "But was n't it splendid in her?"

"Well, I should say it was," responded Bert, with emphasis. "But it makes me feel small, I tell you."

The next morning, when Eleanor descended to the breakfast-table, she found two generous-sized boxes beside her plate, one filled with choicest candies, the other with sprays of fra-grant roses. An accompanying card bore this inscription:

"With the appreciative thanks of

Yours truly,

TWO APRIL FOOLS."



BOOKS AND READING



THOSE of our young readers who know how much wholesome fun and profit there may be in sensible bicycle-riding are also aware that there is a class of riders known by the slang name "scorchers." Frank R. Stockton recently applied the word to those readers whose idea of literary accomplishment is to run through as many books as possible in as little time as may be, and to keep up this task as long as they can.

There is no truth in the report that the Sultan of Turkey or any other potentate has offered a purse of goldpieces and a priceless ruby-ring to the boy or girl who shall read the most books in the shortest time, and with the least idea of what they contain. Neither has any university or other learned institution given notice that it will present to such misled young people the degree of B. S. — "Book Scorchers." The real B. S. degree is given for acquirements of a different sort, and means Bachelor of Science, as you know.

The pages of a good book should be considered as ore from a gold-mine—to be carefully examined until every little nugget is found and secured.

"THERE is so much to read, nowadays, that one almost forgets to live," said a thoughtful man, recently.

Bacon might have reminded us that "Reading maketh an idle man," as well as a "full man"—that is, if the reading ends in mere reading. "Read to live" would be, for a library, a better motto than "Live to read."

A YOUNG girl who is under the spell of the Wizard of the North has fitted up in her room a Sir Walter Scott corner. Over a shelf of the Waverley Novels and the Poems hangs a Scott Calendar, and above the calendar is the author's portrait.

Having recently finished "The Abbot," she is an ardent partizan of Mary Queen of Scots,

and ready to "shiver a lance," so to speak, against all who find reason to disapprove of anything in the career of the unhappy queen.

THE first of all the articles in this department was about Ruskin, whose recent death in England is to thousands the death of a loved friend and honored teacher. Ruskin was the last survivor of the greatest writers of the nineteenth century—those whose commanding rank is beyond question.

THE London "Academy," admittedly following ST. NICHOLAS, recently asked from its young readers lists of best books, and as a result of their labors presents this dozen:

Alice in Wonderland	Andersen's Fairy Tales
Strawwelpeter	Grimm's Fairy Tales
Water Babies	Lamb's Tales from Shakspeare
Robinson Crusoe	Arabian Nights
Pilgrim's Progress	Kingsley's Heroes
Stevenson's Child's Garden of Verses	
Little Lord Fauntleroy	

Comparing these with the ST. NICHOLAS prize list (that in our competition for a list of twenty-five) the "Academy" says that our list has "more solidity," but reminds us that their list was for children under twelve. The next thirteen in popularity with English children were these:

The Jungle Book	The Book of Nonsense
Æsop's Fables	Mother Goose
Masterman Ready	The Rose and the Ring
Through the Looking-Glass	Jackanapes
Tom Brown's School-Days	Black Beauty
Swiss Family Robinson	The Blue Fairy Book
The Boy's Own Paper (the English periodical)	

Here is the "Academy's" comment:

The list is altogether a very satisfactory one, we think. One or two points demand attention. "Through the Looking-Glass," for example, has only three votes to "Alice in Wonderland's" ten, whereas in many families that we know it is considered the better book. Possibly some of our correspondents meant the title "Alice

in *Wonderland*" to cover both. Mrs. Ewing we should have expected to see more favored. Concerning the suitability of Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses" we have already said something. Hawthorne's "Wonder Book" or "Tanglewood Tales," or one of Miss Alcott's excellent stories, might, we think, take its place. But the list really wants very little tinkering, and generous uncles might safely adopt it as a sure guide.

IN older days — when the world was younger — a reader was fortunate who possessed a few books. To-day, when all standard works appear in many editions, it is possible to secure your favorites in a form adapted to your especial taste. As soon as a young reader has learned which authors are likely to be lifelong friends, it will be worth while to select and to secure these companions in permanent and fitting dress. Those who can afford the luxury may put their best books into special bindings; and no expenditure of the same amount of money is likely to be more satisfactory.

Whether an edition should be illustrated is a much discussed question. One party urges that pictures greatly increase the reader's pleasure in a favorite book; the opposite party claims that the artist so often presents ideals differing from the reader's own that the pictures are an interference.

It may be that a classic should be read for the first time in an unillustrated edition. What do our readers advise?

A HANDICRAFT that seems especially fitted to the delicate artistic taste and skilful fingers of women and girls is fine book-binding. Several American women have already proved their ability in this work, and now comes word that in London there is a Guild of Woman Binders. Young girls might find this attractive trade worth learning for their life-work.

WITH some book-lovers "extra-illustrating" becomes an absorbing pursuit. They secure a good copy of some favorite book, collect from all sources pictures that have some relation to the text, mount these on paper of the right size, and then have the whole bound together into one or more volumes.

Augustin Daly, the manager, who died recently, left a large library of this sort. Lamb's "History of New York," published in two volumes, was thus increased to nine by the addi-

tion of views, portraits, and documents. A boy or a girl may find amusement in thus adding to the value of a favorite book — always remembering that the pursuit is not worth too much time.

WE should be glad if our readers will bear in mind that some lists of books for vacation reading — "out-of-door books" — might be sent in soon, if they are to be published in time to be useful in packing trunks for summer outings. Who will write a short letter of advice giving the titles of, say, five good books that will be of use in vacation trips — that will help young lovers of landscape, plants, and animals to see more and know more? The books recommended should be suitable for young readers, and not text-books of science.

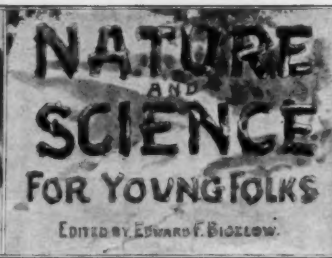
A USEFUL companion when reading is a small blank-book with an alphabet index. Many recommend a "commonplace-book" in which to write remarks or copy useful and attractive bits, but it is doubtful whether the average reader will stop in his reading long enough to permit of copying even a paragraph or two. But with the little index-book one can instantly put down a brief memorandum, or the title of the book and the page, under a heading that will serve to remind you of the fact you wish to remember. Here are a few extracts from such a handy index, showing how it may be used:

- D. DOLLAR-SIGN: Griffis's "Romance of Discovery," p. 69.
- DIAMOND, PITT: "Eclectic Magazine," April, 1896.
- N. "Now I lay me down to sleep": author, John Cotton; "Outlook," August 7, 1897.
- S. SHAKESPEARE: pronunciation of name, "Curiosities of Literature," p. 265.
- SHALL: "In the first person simply *shall* foretells; *In will* a threat or else a promise dwells. *Shall* in the second and the third doth threat; *Will* simply then foretells a future feat."

This rhyme is poor as verse, but useful as a grammatical guide. But in making your memoranda remember the poor man who, while in his garden, wrote down this valuable note: "Snails. Why? Who?" and could not recall what he meant. By the way, Burnand's "Happy Thoughts" (from which the instance is taken) describes very amusing scenes, and older young folks will enjoy much of its humor.



THE WOODCHUCK COMES OUT.



STOCKING AN AQUARIUM.

THE OUTDOOR WORLD.

AWAKES FROM A WINTER'S "SLEEP."

"I 've been asleep all winter, but now I 'm wide awake and ready to enjoy the spring and summer," doubtless the woodchuck would say



THE WOODCHUCK GOING TO THE FIELD OF CLOVER.

if he could talk, as he comes to the mouth of his hole under the old tree, as pictured in the heading on this page.

In the early part of last autumn, when he was very fat from his many summer feasts of red clover,

he filled this nest nearly full of leaves, crawled into the middle of the long mass, and curling himself up into a ball, went to "sleep."

The woodchuck's appetite makes him the plague of every farmer, and his queer and interesting ways make him the delight of every farmer's boy. If we dig him out of his home in the winter, we shall find what appears to be a football covered with fur. Let us take him in by the warm fire in the farm-house, and soon he will wake up, but in such a drowsy way as not to be frightened. Before long he will roll up and go to sleep again. He is the soundest of the winter sleepers. The gray squirrel "sleeps" (hibernates, it is really) only in the coldest weather; the chipmunk sleeps

more, but awakes from time to time for a nibble at his store of nuts; but the woodchuck sleeps continually for about six months. In middle and late summer he lives alone, and for a large

part of the time sits perfectly still at the mouth of his hole. The scientific people name him *Arctomys monax*. Those of you who have commenced to study ancient

tongues know that *monax* means monk; so you see grown-up people have their fancies when they say in this scientific name that this is the bear-mouse monk.

While woodchucks are not rapid runners, it is very difficult to catch them, for they usually



THE RED CLOVER THAT THE WOODCHUCK LIKES SO WELL.



THE WOODCHUCK CURLED UP IN HIS UNDERGROUND NEST FOR A WINTER'S SLEEP.

go but a little way from the hole, and keep a sharp watch to see if any one is coming. Sometimes the farmer's boys dig out the whole family of woodchucks in the spring. John Burroughs tells in "Riverby" an interesting story about feeding milk to young woodchucks, and says that they would hold the spoon in their little shining black paws; and in "Pe-pacton" he tells how the farm-dog "Cuff" outwitted an old woodchuck.

BIG BOULDERS AND LITTLE BOULDERS.

ON a Rhode Island hillside, high above a valley, is perched a boulder so balanced that it looks as if the slightest push would send it rolling down the hill. There are houses below it. Were it to fall on them they would be crushed like egg-shells, for it is as large as a house.

Before the white man lived in the valley the Indian hunted there. He climbed the hill and gave to this wonderful rock the name "Neuta-



THE BALANCED BOULDER.

conkanut." Long before the Indian found it, even long before history began, the rock stood there like a gigantic sentinel guarding the valley.

How came this immense boulder there? It is certainly not the work of man. It could not have dropped from the heavens like a shooting-star, and remain balanced there, because it would have been crushed in striking.

Ages ago, possibly before man lived on the

earth, this land was covered with ice and snow the year around, as are parts of Greenland and Iceland to-day. We can scarcely believe it, but wise men tell us that this ice was sometimes two or three miles thick. It covered nearly



SEPARATING THE LITTLE BOULDERS FROM THE SOIL.

everything; only the highest mountain peaks appeared above its surface. It extended from the polar regions southward over a large part of our country. And this great blanket of ice did not remain in one place, but was slowly moving southward.

Perhaps you have seen pictures, like that on the next page, of the great glaciers of Switzerland or Greenland or Alaska — great rivers of ice moving slowly down the valleys, so slowly that it is difficult to believe they move at all.

Above they are parts of the ice-coats upon the mountain peaks; below, in the warmer regions, they melt into clear mountain streams or float away on the sea as icebergs. As these masses of ice flow along, they scrape the sides of the mountains, tear great pieces of rock from the solid ledges, carry them down to the valley, and, by means of the fragments of rock they carry, grind, polish, and groove the rocks over which they pass.

Of the same nature as these glaciers was the great ice mass that covered this land ages ago. As it moved from the regions of the north it tore great rocks from the northern hills and carried them southward. These scratched and polished and ground the granite and sandstone over which they passed. The great ice mass



A SWITZERLAND GLACIER.

dug out valleys and heaped up hills. It changed the whole appearance of the land.

After many years the climate changed, and it was no longer so cold. As the air became warmer the ice melted, leaving the more southern regions free from ice, but strewn with the boulders of many sizes which the ice had brought down.

Those who live in New England and in some parts of other Northern States know how the land is crisscrossed by stone walls. They have been built from the boulders picked up in the fields or dug out of the ground.

Most of the cobblestones in our pavement, the boulders of our stone walls, the larger boulders scattered here and there over the land,—some even larger than houses,—were all once frozen in the ice or pushed before it as it moved down from the North.

The balanced boulder was one of these rock fragments. It, too, was torn from some northern mountain-side and borne southward by the ice. When the ice melted it was left balanced high on the brow of the hill where to-day it stands undisturbed, a monument to the long ago departed age of ice. **FREDERIC P. GORHAM.**

THE DRUMMER OF THE NATURE PROCESSION.

WHEN you have stood on the sidewalk waiting for the parade to pass, you remember how the people chatted with one another, apparently not having in mind the coming parade, or at least paying no attention to it. Suddenly some one called out, "It's coming! Here it is!" Immediately all the people, the baby-carriages, and the teams began to move, very slowly at first, but gradually increasing, till there was soon considerable bustle, confusion, and crowding.

The advance-guards came first, then the platoon of policemen, then you heard the rub-a-dub, dub, dub-b-b-b-b of the drums, and very soon there were so many things to claim your attention that you hardly knew where to look to best advantage. One friend would exclaim, "Just look at that!" while another was saying, "Oh, look there!"

Of course you kept very busy looking, for there were many interesting things, and you did n't want to miss any.

In many respects so it is with the nature procession. In January and February, while we knew it was coming, we gave but little active attention to it, since we were especially occupied with the interests of those months. In March were seen a few of the advance-guards. The owl had laid its eggs, the buds had swollen ready for opening, the skunk-cabbage had pushed its queer "hood" up through the old leaves on the ground in the swamp, and the mosses were greener from many rains. The phoebe, the red-winged blackbird, the song-sparrow, the bluebird, and other birds of early spring, had returned to us from the South. The woodchuck and the chipmunk have awakened from the winter's sleep.



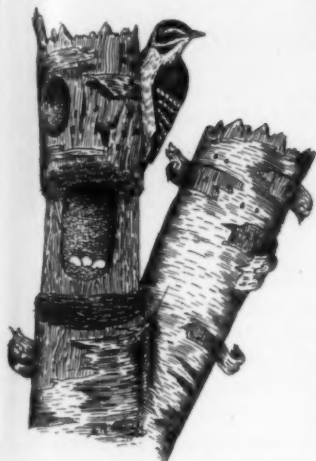
PHOTOGRAPH BY A. N. VERRILL.
THE DOWNY WOODPECKER DRUMMING ON A DRY LIMB.



NEST
PA

The most interesting parts of the procession are soon to be passing, and how many things there are to be observed!

None of us is more happy and expectant than the downy woodpecker, that has been with us all winter. Like a noisy boy that gets an old tin



NEST IN DEAD BRANCH OF WHITE BIRCH.
PART CUT OFF TO SHOW THE EGGS.

pan or pail, and beats on it, so this interesting bird must express his joy by drumming. Rat-a-tat, tat-a-tat, tat-a-tat-at-tat-tat-t-t-t till his head vibrates so fast that the space above his body shows only a hazy series of heads, and the music is like the rolling tattoo of the snare-drum, and harmonizes with the crackle-

crack, crackle-kr-r-r-r-r of the springtime chorus of the frogs down in the near-by marshes. This is the music of the downy woodpecker on some favorite old dry limb. Once in a while he stops to say "peek, peek," and then continues in a manner that shows he enjoys his music, and wishes us to. And so we will. He not only makes his spring music, with this rat-a-tat movement, but pecks out the insect eggs and larvæ, which are luscious titbits of food for him. The destruction of them is a great benefit to the farmer. Downy's tongue is especially adapted to spearing these insects and larvæ. His bill is chisel-like for cutting and pecking. His claws are so formed as easily to cling to the bark, and his tail has sharp-pointed stiff feathers by which he braces himself against the tree.

Last fall the downy selected a brittle dead branch, or the trunk, of a birch- or apple-tree, and made a hole straight in for a few inches, and then downward for from ten to twenty, accord-

ing to the softness of the wood. The woodpecker never selects a natural cavity. Here was his winter home, and he so enjoyed it that he often did not get up till nine o'clock, though ordinarily he is an early riser. From here he visited other trees for insects, and the neighboring farm-house for crumbs or bits of meat, or to peck stray morsels from a bone, and he was very social with the nuthatches and chickadees. In the last of March we hear the first of his reveillé to spring. He continues this drumming through the nesting-time.

About the time of his first drumming he leaves his winter home, which then is often taken possession of by the bluebirds. He then makes another for himself and mate, and on soft bits of wood at the bottom of this new cavity in the tree are placed the glossy white eggs, and the little downies are cared for till they are able to go out in the world for themselves.



THE STIFF, POINTED
TAIL-FEATHERS.

ANTS ORNAMENTING THEIR HOMES.

In many parts of the great West—in Wyoming, Montana, the Dakotas, etc.—there are colonies of ants which collect from a considerable distance many little stones of about a uniform size, and put these on the outsides of their ant-hills. Some of these little pebble-stones they get from the inside of their houses as they burrow, but most of them they collect from the surface of the land near by. Teeth, also, of field-mice and gophers, or other small animals, they bring to the outside of these ant-hills, and if Indians camp near them, the ants pick up for the same purpose all the little beads dropped by the squaws. After the Indian camp has broken up and moved away, many Indian beads can usually be found on the outside of the ant-hills. Wide-awake naturalists never fail carefully to examine these hills for various specimens that the ants have found and used to decorate their homes.



BARBED TONGUE
FOR SPEAR-
ING INSECT
LARVÆ.



THE colder weather has made the past few months seem especially suitable for indoor work, although there have been many outdoor interests and enjoyments. The higher temperature of the summer months will have the opposite effect—that is, bring us almost wholly out of doors.

But April, that charming month, gives us both enjoyments. Many outdoor games are now to be enjoyed, and many interesting things in nature to be observed. It's the opening of the months that promise new fields of pleasure, and opens the way to a wonderland of interest and beauty.

Still, the cozy sitting-room or library has lost none of its attractiveness, and has gained new objects of interest to be brought in from the outdoor world. Around the study-table, with the books and the papers and indoor games, we shall mingle our share of the interesting things from the awaking outdoor world.

SHARP EYES AND SKILFUL PENS.

LAST month every girl and boy was invited to vote for our nature emblems. We want to know not only which are your favorites, but your reasons for the preference. For the best statements of these reasons four prizes were offered. Over half a million young people belong to our Nature and Science Club. It includes all others. Is n't that really a grand club? What a busy time I would have if every member should send me a letter! But I assure you that every letter sent will have careful consideration,

and an answer, if a stamped and self-addressed envelope is inclosed.

Among all this great club there are many bright, sharp eyes, and very skilful pens, I am sure. Which are the best? From April 1st to October 1st you can look carefully at the interesting things in nature, and set your wits to work examining and writing to this department about them. The best letters and drawings (which must be in black ink on white paper or card, and mailed without folding or rolling) will be published.

For the best ORIGINAL OBSERVATIONS from nature received within the six months (April 1st to October 1st) we will give five dollars' worth of books, to be selected from any published by The Century Co.; for the next BEST OBSERVATION, a subscription to ST. NICHOLAS for one year; for the third best, any book published by The Century Co. not exceeding one dollar and fifty cents in retail price. Tell about the most interesting new thing that you have seen.

Also, another set of three similar prizes, first, second, and third, are offered for best pen-and-ink drawings from nature.

Thus there are six prizes in all, for observing carefully and describing skilfully. Send as many drawings and letters as you wish. All will be carefully considered, but only one prize will be awarded to one competitor.

Address your letters or articles to Edward F. Bigelow, Stamford, Connecticut.

STORY ABOUT THE "REAL" CHIPMUNK.

OUR indoor groups have become so interested in the fanciful story, "Josey and the Chipmunk," that I am sure all will want to know more of the real chipmunk, who made his appearance in March, with the earliest spring birds.

He has been asleep nearly all winter in his cozy home deep in the ground, waking up a few times to eat some of his store of nuts. In John Burroughs's "Riverby" you will find a very interesting chapter on "The Chipmunk."

PRESENT AND FUTURE PLEASURES.

WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON, when a boy, playing in the woods one day, picked up a chrysalis. As he held it, a butterfly slowly came out and fluttered in his hand. Do you think he was pleased and surprised? Yes, both.

That little event helped to form all his future life. His love of the beautiful and skill in representing it made him an artist, and this, combined with an appreciation of nature, made him a naturalist-artist.

Not all may be skilled naturalists or artists, but every one should love the wonderful and beautiful things in the world, and appreciate them.

CATCHING AND MEASURING RAINDROPS.

PROBABLY every boy and girl has noticed that the drops of any one rain-storm or shower are not all of the same size, and that sometimes many of the drops are large, while at other times most of them are small. And again, in some showers and storms the drops seem nearly all of the same size—neither large nor small. You will find it very interesting to measure the different drops and compare those of one shower or storm with those of another under different conditions.

"But how can I measure a raindrop?" you will doubtless exclaim.

To measure them with absolute accuracy would, indeed, be difficult, but a measurement sufficiently correct for comparison may be obtained by a method not only simple and convenient, but entertaining. You can have a "Raindrop Party," with contests to see who

"beats" in getting the largest or the smallest drops. Here is the way to do it for science and fun, too.

Sift a little flour over the bottoms of shallow dishes. Open the window and hold out a dish only long enough for a few drops to strike into the flour, but not long enough to wet much of the surface. Put the dish in the oven, on a radiator, or in any other warm place, and the water will soon dry out, leaving a little pellet of hardened dough at the bottom of each raindrop impression. Each pellet will be very nearly the actual size of the raindrop that produced it, and can be easily measured. They vary in size from one-fiftieth to one-fourth inch.

By taking many pellet-impressions of drops in this manner, and noting the kind and height of clouds from which they fell, we may learn much about the drops and the relations of their sizes to different kinds of clouds.

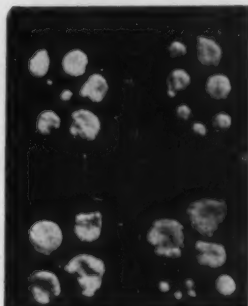
According to my observations and records, the smaller raindrops come from huge clouds that seem low down or from thin clouds high up in the air. The first drops of a shower or storm, that is, those coming from the edge of the cloud as it passes overhead, are usually small. There are not many large drops in long storms. Very small drops often fall along with those of larger size.

It is from the mountainous-looking clouds such as we have in thunder-showers that the largest drops fall, and sometimes all the drops from such clouds are very large.

According to my observations, lightning-flashes originate in those portions of the clouds from which we have the largest drops and the heaviest fall of rain.

I have noticed in a storm, when rain and hail were falling together, very large, medium, and very small drops, all at the same time. In some storms the change from large to small and from small to large is very sudden.

W. A. BENTLEY.



PRINTS OF RAINDROPS IN FLOUR.

LETTERS FROM YOUNG NATURALISTS.



PRIZES FOR WRITING LETTERS.

THE editor of this department desires to receive letters from all the girls and the boys who read *St. Nicholas*, whether they

are subscribers or not. Careful attention will be given to each, and a reply sent by mail, if stamped and self-addressed envelope is inclosed.

Let us know which animals you like best, and you may secure a prize. If you have not already written, read the offers under the heading "Vote for your Favorites," in the Indoor Department of the March number.

There are other prizes offered in the Indoor Department of this number. Read carefully all the offers.

TELLING THE AGE OF AN APPLE TWIG. FLORIDA, N. Y.

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: Last spring I studied the toad from the polliwog to Mr. Hop-toad stage.

In the fall I was interested in studying plants and their seeds.

This winter we have been studying about the apple twigs. We broke off an apple twig and then studied it.

First we studied where the little branches started, then we studied about the wrinkles, which tell us how old they are.

We have a microscope now, which will help us very much. We have quite a good many more members to our Dewey Club now. I am interested in the work at my home, as well as in the school-room.

MAUD HOUSTON.

We hope our correspondent will tell us what the new microscope discovered. Some other clubs have new microscopes. I wonder which will find the most interesting things. "Dewey" is a good name for your club. May it acquire many new treasures of knowledge in "lands" at present unknown.

WAS INTERESTED IN THE FROST PICTURES.

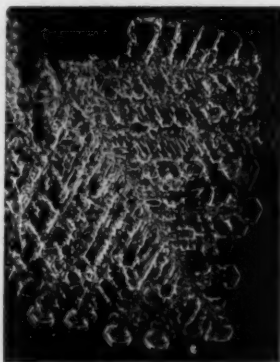
BURLINGTON, VT.

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: The frost forms that appeared in the January number of *St. NICHOLAS* were very beautiful, but I think that there are many frost crystals found here in Vermont which are fully as beautiful. I send two of them.

One of them represents pattern frost, that forms on ice or snow, near cracks and on doors of barns, woodsheds, etc. The other is a sample of window frost. Probably many of you have noticed and admired the beautiful formation of frost on window-glass, the long, coursing, lifelike forms. It often takes the shapes of stars, trees, tropical forest effects, etc. Is it not wonderful that the frost can make such beautiful pictures with no utensils whatever, except, perhaps, a sharp, biting wind? It will be noticed that, on a cold, clear night in autumn or



FROST FORMED ON WINDOW-PANE.



"JEWEL AND LACE" FORMS OF FROST.

spring, frost will form on leaves and flowers. This coating, when the sun shines on it, will gleam and glisten like so many diamonds. You will notice that on different frosty mornings the frost will assume different shapes, sometimes long, again hollow, and perhaps some will be flat. In midwinter beautiful frost crystals can be found on the surface of ice or snow, between layers of ice, and at the bottom of footprints in snow. Surely if nature takes such great pains to fashion so many beautiful frost forms, are we not ungrateful and neglectful if we fail to find, study, and enjoy them?

HELEN NASH.

AMONG THE NEW THINGS.

ALL nature is new in the spring. There are new birds from the South, four-footed animals awaking from their winter's sleep, the opening of the leaf and flower buds, and the appearance



of many insects. Even the stars, as in all other months, keep coming apparently to us from the east, as we pass them in our journey around the sun.

So there is a never-ending succession of new things—new in freshness and en-

joyment, even if we have seen them before. You will recognize many, and welcome them as old friends. If you notice some new thing and cannot find out the name, write the editor of this department. The "Interrogation Point" extends a cordial welcome to those of you who write "because we want to know."

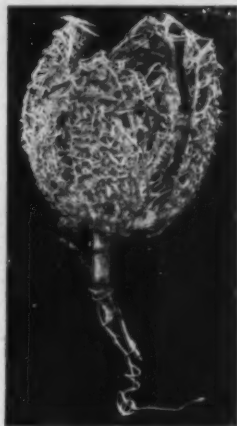
MAKING LEAF-SKELETONS.

8. "What can I put on leaves so as to have the green stuff come off without hurting the veinlets?" This question was asked by Edna Moser in the Correspondence Department of the February number, but the answer has been deferred until the leaves are beginning to appear.

From thirty-five to forty-five years ago the making of leaf-skeletons, or leaf-lace, as it was sometimes called, was very popular. It was then the ladies' fancy-work, as at another time was the making of wax flowers. Miss E. M. Hoyt of Norwalk, Connecticut, kindly supplies specimens, from which the accompanying illustrations were made. Her mother was an expert, not only in making the leaf-lace, but in tastefully and skilfully arranging various styles and sizes into large designs, called "set pieces," that were put under glass covers in the parlor, or in a box-frame on the wall of old-

fashioned homes. The leaves are soaked for about six weeks, till the soft part is somewhat decayed. Then place in boiling soapy water for a very short time.

To prevent tearing, float out on stiff paper or a piece of glass. Wash in clear water and brush carefully with a very soft tooth-brush. Buy a little chloride of lime at the drug store, dissolve in water, and hold the leaf in it a short time. It will then be bleached white. Wash in clear water and dry on a piece of glass. The beautiful skeletons



SKELTON OF THE PRICKLY CAPSULE OF THE THORN-APPLE.



THE VEINS AND VEINLETS OF A LEAF—"LEAF-LACE."

the different patterns of the little veins, or the venation, as the botanists call it. If any of the readers of this department try this, I should be glad to show other readers the results of your work.



A LITTLE lad on a hillside brown
Wrote a story of life in town.

A little maiden in town that day
Wrote of the hillside far away.

And neither did well, alas! for oh,
They told of things that they did not know.

There were others who wrote, and wrote too long,
The pretty story or dainty song;

Or forgot their ages, or failed to do
Something the rules required them to.

Picture and puzzle and answer came
Without indorsement of parent's name —

Drawings in bright-red ink, or blue,
Purple, or brown, and pencil, too;

And many were good, but, with a sigh,
The editors sadly put them by.



"OUR WINTER COMPANIONS." BY BERTHA M. COPER. (GOLD BADGE.)

But, for all that, better-prepared contributions have come this month than ever. Not only that, but better contributions, and more of them. Indeed, we are sure that the brightest and most talented children in the world belong to the St. Nicholas League. The work received is a constant surprise to the editors, and the contributions published this month are of such excellence as to convince the reader not only that the additional badges awarded were well merited, but that the twentieth century will be one of marked advancement in every form of literature and art.

We are growing in numbers, too, and every week brings hundreds of applications for membership badges. In after years, when we have reached up into the hundred thousands, it will be pleasant for those who join now to say, "I was a member of the St. Nicholas League during the first year it started." We shall be a big family by that

time, and some of those who are sending their work to the League now will be famous then, and their work sought by the greatest editors in the land.

Wherever it is possible League members should form chapters. Writers and artists derive the greatest benefit from association with one another, and young people with similar aims and tastes cannot find other than pleasure and profit in one another's society. Merely meeting together will bring out new ideas and lead to broader and better thought, which means more successful work.

It is a good time now to remember our motto. "Live to learn and learn to live" seems never more appropriate than when life springs anew. There is so much to be learned on every hand—in the groves, in the meadows, and in our own hearts. We never quite know ourselves until the sap begins to stir and the arbutus to grow pink un-

der the brown leaves. In winter, shut in with books and games, or mingling, perhaps, with brisk outdoor sport, life goes on quietly or merrily, and we say that winter days are happy days.

So they are, but with the first breath of young grass on the land and the smell of burning leaves there comes into the blood a joy that is of no other season, a glow of strong confidence that leads to higher achievement, and with, and for, a nobler purpose we may learn to live.

And this means to learn to let others live, too. Not only to let them live, but to make their lives brighter. "Do no evil, speak no evil, think no evil," say the Japanese, and these are words of gold. "Do kindly, speak kindly, think kindly," may be our way of putting it, and when we shall have learned to remember and act accordingly, then, truly, our motto will have become something more to us than a mere watchword.



"OUR WINTER COMPANIONS." BY MARION FOSTER, AGE 11.
(SILVER BADGE.)

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION NO. 4.

OWING to the unusual excellence of work received this month, and to the difficulty of absolute judgment as to its merits, a number of additional badges have been awarded. Those fortunate enough to be winners, or to have their work published, or their names on the roll of honor, may well feel proud of their success, for the competition is very great and the average of merit very high.

POEM. The title to contain the word "April."

Gold badges, Ethelbert Waldron (age 17), West Bay City, Michigan, and Marie Van Liew (age 14), 20 West Fifty-first Street, New York City.

Silver badges, Eleanor H. Adler (age 15), 123 East Sixtieth Street, New York City, and Pauline Jenks (age 12), Lawrence Park, Bronxville, New York.

PROSE. Some incident, accident, or adventure of early spring.

Gold badges, Katherine C. Gurney (age 13), 27 East Manning Street, Providence, Rhode Island, and Marguerite Crawford Cleveland (age 13), 412 Lafayette Avenue, Passaic, New Jersey.

Silver badge, H. G. Winslow (age 17), 131 Langdon Street, Madison, Wisconsin.

DRAWING. "My Favorite Place in Winter."

Gold badges, W. Gilbert Sherman (age 15), 691 Hackett Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and Fred Stearnes (age 14), 6442 Normal Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Silver badges, Kittie L. Heusel (age 17), 117 Pacific Avenue, Jersey City, and Viola Beerbohm Tree (age 15), 77 Sloane Street, London, England.

PHOTOGRAPH. "Our Winter Companions."

Gold badge, Bertha M. Soper, South Royalton, Vermont.

Silver badge, Marion Foster, Merrill, Wisconsin.

PUZZLE. To contain the name or saying of some celebrated jester or fool.

Gold badge, Anne E. Valentine (age 14), 224 Scioto Street, Urbana, Ohio.

Silver badge, Barbara Eleanor Smythe (age 17), 24 Montague Road, Richmond-on-the-Thames, England.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Best and neatest, January puzzles.

Gold badge, Augustus Bertram George (age 13), 472 Hally Avenue, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Silver badge, Carroll R. Harding (age 11), 142 North Broadway, Baltimore, Maryland.



"OUR WINTER COMPANIONS." BY JACKY TROUF, AGE 10 (ENGLAND).
(SPECIAL SILVER BADGE.)



"BEAR CUB." BY BEATRICE W. BILL. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD ANIMALS.")

SPECIAL BADGES.

BESIDES the "wild animal photograph prize," we award a number of silver badges this month for work of unusual excellence from very young contributors.

POEM. Muriel Palmer (age 10), 2132 Cottage Grove Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Marian Shove (age 9), 365 Greene Street, Syracuse, New York; and Gregory Harts-wick (age 8), Locust Cottage, Clearfield, Pennsylvania.

PROSE. Kathryn Hone Auerbach (age 8), 7 East Ninth Street, New York City, and Charles Hurden Wors-fold (age 9), Dell's Close, Sheldon Road, South Croy-don, Surrey, England.

DRAWING. Sherwood Sunderland Day (age 12), Catskill, New York.

PHOTOGRAPH. Jacky Troup (age 10), Honiton, Eng-land.

WILD ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH. 1. "Bear." By Bea-trice W. Bill, 284 Maple Street, Springfield, Massachu-setts. Taken in Canada woods. 2. "Deer." By Vera Reichelt, 340 Warren Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Taken in Colorado. 3. "Owl." By Warren French, West-field, New Jersey. Taken in New Jersey.

New York City members have bestirred themselves this time, and carried off some prizes. Our English cousins, too, have shown that we are not to have things all our own way. The St. Nicholas League is open to St. NICHOLAS readers in any part of the world.

TO NEW READERS.

THE St. Nicholas League, as explained in the Novem-ber number, is an organization of St. NICHOLAS readers.

To any reader of the magazine, or to any one desiring to become such, a League membership badge and an in-struction leaflet will be mailed free upon receipt of a written application, accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope.

Every boy and girl should be a reader of "St. Nich-olas," and every reader of "St. Nicholas" should be a member of the St. Nicholas League.

APRIL'S PROPHECY.

BY ETHELBERG WALDRON (AGE 17).

(Gold Badge.)

FROM the southland comes a message! It is whispered
by the breeze
From the faint first flush of morning till the long last
sunset gleam
As it sweeps the lowland prairie and blows o'er the
upland leas,
As it stirs the weeping willow drooping sadly by the
stream.
And the whisper that is clear to my listening, raptured
ear
Is that "Summer is a-coming, happy summer is a-
coming,

By and by."

From the southward comes a message! It is murmured
by the rill
From the dawning to the gloaming and the gloaming
to the dawn
As it tinkles o'er the pebbles, as it sparkles on the hill,
As it gurgles through the rushes to the river and is
gone.
And the murmur that I hear, tinkled loudly and more
clear,
Is that "Summer-time 's a-coming, golden summer-
time 's a-coming,

By and by."

From the southland comes a message! It is pattered
by the rain
From the rosy rift of daybreak till the coming of the
dark
As it beats upon the shingles, as it streaks the window-
pane,
As it falls like unset diamonds on the birches' silver
bark.
And the message that I hear, oh, so sweet to me and
clear,
Is that "Summer is a-coming, happy summer is a-
coming,

By and by."



"DEER." BY VERA REICHELT. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD ANIMALS.")

AN INCIDENT OF APRIL FOOL'S DAY.

BY KATHERINE C. GURNEY (AGE 13).

(Gold Badge.)

MARJORIE'S birthday came on April 1st. Every year Marjorie could remember, she had been the victim of some joke; but this year she made up her mind not to be fooled. She was to be ten years old, and would tie a piece of ribbon on one finger, and when papa or Uncle Tom tried to fool her, she would look down at the ribbon and remember.

The 1st of April dawned a beautiful spring day. Marjorie dressed quickly, for she knew her presents would be waiting by her plate at breakfast. She hurried in the dining-room. What a lot of bundles! First Marjorie opened a package marked "Marjorie, from Mama." It was a beautiful gold thimble, and a purse with ten dimes in it from papa. And this large bundle marked "Marjorie"! Marjorie looked down at her presents in her lap, and espied the ribbon; then she looked at the big bundle. It might be an April fool bundle. She took the bundle in her hands; it was heavy, very heavy. It might be filled with stones or a brick!

Marjorie made up her mind the long, heavy bundle was an April fool. She ate her breakfast gaily, thinking how wise she had been in not opening it. After breakfast Marjorie's curiosity got the better of her. She took the bundle, and opened it secretly. If it should be a brick or stones she would tie it up again. Carefully Marjorie opened the bundle, when, to her surprise, there lay a beautiful French doll! Marjorie gave a little scream of joy, and ran to find mama.

Uncle Tom laughed heartily when he heard about the bundle that was not an April fool bundle, but yet had fooled Marjorie.

APRIL.

BY MARIE VAN LIEW (AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)

OH, goddess April! here upon thy shrine
We lay the offerings of the field and wood;
Tender and green and shy are they, that come
Too early to be seen or understood.

The dome that decks thy temple stands so high
That many a cloud must cross its tender blue;
And twittering birds a joyous choir make,
To offer up a cup of early dew.

Here in thy temple, underneath that dome,
Where in the spring bacchantic odors dwell,
Wild and unheeding as some sylvan thing,
We dance and sing, where others fought and fell.

Here, throbbing with the early woodland life,
Like nymphs and satyrs of some goat-foot clan,
We send our song out to the listening hills,
And Echo answers on a reed of Pan.

The day will come when all this life will turn
To autumn leaves and clusters on the vine;
Yet memory will ever hold thee dear,
And age will seek thee in a cup of wine.

Oh, Mother April, ever to be young,
Ever to laugh and dance in this fair place,
To smell the wood-like odors of our spring,
And feel thy tears and kisses on our face!

APRIL.

BY ELEANOR H. ADLER (AGE 15).

(Silver Badge.)

FOR sunny showers,
And fragrant flowers
(Though shy, dear children of the spring),
For warmer skies
That bluer rise,
For rivers, once more murmuring;

For meadows green,
In forest scene,
For joyous carols, clear and free,
For sunshine bright
And balmy night,
Our homage, April, bring we thee.



"OWL." BY WARREN FRENCH. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD ANIMALS.")

A WATERY EPISODE.

BY H. G. WINSLOW (AGE 17).

(Silver Badge.)

THE snow was melting in fine style, and there was a great stream of water running in the gutters. Burt, legs incased in rubber boots, was busily engaged at making a dam. This was to be a triumph of engineering, unless of course, some rascally street-cleaner broke it up first.

Burt worked hard, and the dam was almost finished when Bobby came along.

As a matter of course, Bobby said, "What you doing?"

As a matter of course also, Burt replied, "Oh, something."

Matters thus being made clear, Bobby entered right into the game. Overshoes, of course, are not as good as rubber boots; but they are all right if you don't step too much in the deep places.

The two boys were just extending the dam's wall into the street when "Vandy" appeared. Vandy's real name was Roger Van — something or other, but he was always called Vandy. His mother did not approve of either Burt, Bobby, or mud; therefore Vandy approved of all three. His mother had gone out calling, and so he was enjoying a little stolen pleasure. When he first joined them, Vandy determined not to step in the water at all; then he went in just a little, to right a chip boat which had overturned; next he stepped in four inches, by accident; and after that he did not care, but walked about just as freely as the other boys.

"Let's have boat-races," finally suggested Bobby.

There was a shout of joy, and in ten minutes three shingle boats were floating on the placid water.

"Now for the races," Burt said. Burt stood in the middle and held his boat, while Bobby on one side and Vandy on the other held theirs. "Go!" yelled Burt; and just then his foot slipped, and he went—down. In mid-air he tried to save himself, and caught Bobby; and Bobby tried to save himself, and caught Vandy; and they all went together in one grand heap.

While they were in this uncomfortable position, horror of horrors! who should approach but Vandy's mother? She shrieked in terror, and then, running across the muddy street, and finding her son not dead, but very much alive, she led him home.



"MY FAVORITE PLACE IN WINTER." BY W. GILBERT SHERMAN, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

The two boys picked themselves up, dripping with icy water. "Well," said Burt, as the ominous form of a street-cleaner approached, "we could n't have had it much longer anyhow, and it was great fun while it lasted."

THE OLD MAN AND HIS THREE SONS.

BY CHARLES HURDEN WORSFOLD (AGE 9).

(*Special Silver Badge.*)

THERE was once an old man who had three sons, but he could not tell one from the other. He gave the first a shovel, the second a pickax, the third a rake, and he sent them out into the world. They had not gone far when the first saw a man with a shovel, and the man with the shovel said, "I feel so tired; will you dig up my flower-bed for me?" The first said yes. He was just going to put his foot on the shovel when the shovel cut his foot and he had to go home. The second one saw a man with a pickax, and the man with the pickax said, "My pickax is broken; will you dig this up for me?" The second one said yes. He had not been digging long when the top of the pickax came off and cut his head, so he had to go home. The third had not gone far when he saw a man with a rake, and the man with the rake said, "I feel so tired; will you rake these stones up for me?" The third one said yes, and began raking. He had not been raking long when a stone caught in one of the prongs and broke it, and it cut his knee and he had to go home. "Now," said their father, "I see how to tell one from the other."

APRIL FLOWERS.

BY PAULINE JENKS (AGE 12).

(*Silver Badge.*)

WHERE forest tangle is the wildest
And all is wet with April showers,
And where the wind's fierce roar is mildest,
'T is there you find the spring's first flowers.

Where thrush sings on the leafless tree,
Where all is lonely, still, and wet,
You'll see a fair anemone,
And possibly a violet.

ADVENTURES OF A CAT AND A DOG.

BY KATHRYN HONE AUERBACH
(AGE 8).

(*Special Silver Badge.*)

ONE warm, sultry spring afternoon a cat met a dog. The latter remarked to the former, rather loftily: "Your eyes are of a very dismal green. Now, if you but had fine, well-bred eyes like mine, you would be a great deal more favored in this curious world."

"People call my fur soft, and mine eyes help me and are very useful to me in a dark forest," said the cat, meekly.

"No matter, no matter; but let us try. We will start out now and see whether usefulness and softness are as good as well-bredness and beauty."

So off they set. Soon they came to a large and thick forest.

"No flowers grow here, don't you see?" said the dog, wisely. "And I

can tell why. It is because of the thickness and gloominess of this forest."

"No doubt you are right," began the cat, when suddenly a flash of lightning, followed closely by a loud peal of thunder, made her stop short. Then the rain began to pour. Never, my children, never in your life did you see rain like that the cat and dog saw that day. The rain came down faster and faster. The little couple for a moment could not even see the sturdy forest trees. In a little while the cat recovered her senses (which had been lost at the sight of the dreadful storm), and peered about her with her bright, sharp eyes.

"We must and shall get home to-night," said the cat. "Indeed we sha'n't," said the dog, scornfully. "How can I, a well-bred dog, trust to a creature with green—just fancy!—horrible green eyes?"

"Those same eyes," said the cat, "will lead us out of this forest and bring us safe home. Look well, and see if you do not see a bright light."

Her tone was so resolute that the dog had a feeling he must mind her. "Ah, yes; I see it. Is it, can it be, the candle that my master used to carry, when I sometimes got lost, to give him light?"

"Oh, no," said the cat. "They are the glimmer of my eyes in the dark. Come! follow me."

The dog did follow her, and when they came to the farm-yard gate he said:

"Forgive me, cat, for despising your eyes. They are better than mine by far."

NOTE.—Any size photographs may now compete for prizes. Don't send blue-prints!

A SPRING TRAGEDY.

BY MARGUERITE CRAWFORD CLEVELAND (AGE 13).

(Gold Badge.)

"Oh, dear!" sobbed little Elsie Graylock. "I dropped B'linda in the river—and it 's—tak-en her awa-a-y! Oh, what 'll I do-o!" she wailed.

But the river—beautiful, cruel thing!—swept on, bearing on its shining, swollen bosom poor B'linda. On and on it rushed! The spring flood was fiercer than usual, and B'linda's dress was soon in shreds.

Night came, and the heavy spring dew kissed the flowers and grass along the river's bank, and the stars blossomed in the misty blue depths of the heavens. Morning dawned, and still it rushed on.

The sky was blue, then cloudy, and often drops of rain dimpled the flood's swollen surface. On the river dashed, through fresh green fields and air fragrant with the breath of wild flowers; then under a bridge, and through a town, where people picked their way across streets slippery with mud; and sometimes its waters would grow dark with dyes and grease from the mills; then out into the sweet meadows again.

Sometimes it wound through quiet groves, and then swept on through sweet, green valleys where the orchards were bursting into bloom. And in the pasture-lands the kine were lowing as they wandered through the sweet, wet clover. And still upon its restless breast floated B'linda!

Day after day it swept along, while the sky laughed or wept in the sweet spring weather. Night after night the stars came or played hide-and-seek behind the clouds. And one night a great full moon changed the river to a shining silver mass.

And the days passed on.

The sun was setting. The flood was rushing yet faster and faster when the fresh salt air of the ocean was wafted up to poor B'linda's nostrils. There was little left of her now. All the color was washed from her once brilliant cheeks and lips, her hair was all gone, and her limbs were limp and lifeless. Would Elsie have loved her now?

There was a gust of cool salt air, a last wild note of the song the river had ever been singing. And still upon its proud bosom B'linda was borne into the sea!

APRIL.

BY MARIAN SHOVE (AGE 9).

(Special Silver Badge.)

GENTLE as a kitten,
Fair as any maiden—
Her name is April.

Posies around her head,
Cheeks as red as any roses—
Her name is April.

Laughs and cries,
Smiles and sighs—
Her name is April.

LOST BADGES.

LEAGUE members whose badges have been lost or injured may obtain new ones upon application.

IN APRIL.

BY MURIEL PALMER (AGE 10).

(Special Silver Badge.)

"WAKE up! wake up!" the robin cried
To the little violet blue.
"Wake up! be quick! or the other flowers
Will be ahead of you."

The violet heard the robin's cry,
And lifted up her head;
She looked around a little bit,
And this is what she said:

"Oh, dear!" She heaved a little sigh.
"I don't like spring at all.
It 's cold and damp and frosty yet—
I wish you would n't call!"

The snowdrop heard the robin's call,
And lifted up *her* head.
She saw the robin on a tree,
And jumped up out of bed.

The violet saw the snowdrop up,
And came out to the door.
"Oh, me!" she said, "how nice it is!
—I wish I 'd come before!"

APRIL FUN.

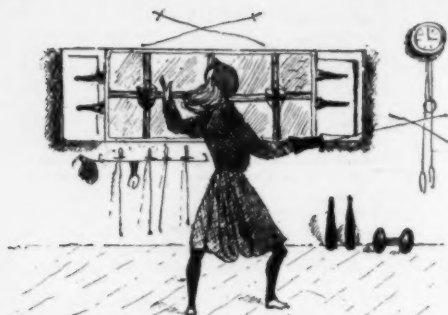
BY GREGORY HARTSWICK (AGE 8).

(Special Silver Badge.)

OF all the months of all the year
Old April is the best
For making dainty cakes and pies
And putting them to test.



"MY FAVORITE PLACE IN WINTER." BY FRED STEARNES, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)



BY VIOLA BEERBOHM TREE, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

In May and June 't is different,
For, being warm and dry,
It 's very hard indeed to make
A tempting cake or pie.

But April is just full of dough,
All wet and ready-made;
It only needs to be stirred up
And patted with a spade.

There 's lots and lots of chocolate
A-lying all around—
You find it mostly in the road,
Or piled up on the ground.

You make it into caramels
And fudge and nice brown cake,
And if you put it in the sun
Right quickly it will bake.

So when she comes around again,
With all her rain and sun,
We 'll welcome her right merrily—
Old April and her fun!

AN APRIL DAY IN VERMONT.

BY HELEN J. RIPLEY (AGE 14).*

ON the ground the leaves are lying,
Faded, ragged, brown, and dead,
And the somber pines are sighing
Sadly, softly overhead.
Here and there the snow is clinging;
Just a month ago were ringing
Sleigh-bells; now the birds are singing,
From the sunny southland led.

Though the sun is shining brightly
In the cloudless turquoise sky,
Yet the signs of stern old winter
Still are faintly lingering by.
But among the dead leaves peeping,
While all other flowers are sleeping,
Upward toward the sunlight creeping,
With its wee, half-open eye,

Is the sweetest of all flowers,
In a gown of pale pink dressed.
'T is the fair Vermont arbutus,
Hidden in its leafy nest;
But above dark clouds now lower,
And the dainty little flower
Bows its head before the shower,
For that, too, is April's guest.

* The author of this poem won second prize in Competition No. 1.

APRIL.

BY CATHERINE LEE CARTER (AGE 12).

APRIL has reasons
As one of the seasons
To do as she likes for a space;
And though some people blame her,
I will not disclaim her,
For she always puts on a bright face.

To be sure, she brings showers,
And but a few flowers
To spread o'er the face of the plain;
But those few are so sweet
That I think it but meet
That I like her in spite of her rain.

GEMS FROM YOUNG POETS.

INTERESTING selections from a number of other good poems received — some pretty, some amusing, all worth reading.

We will start the "gems" this time with two pretty stanzas written by Mildred Marguerite Whitney (age 9). There is something in them that suggests Milton's "L'Allegro."

Come, April, with your sweet spring flowers,
With your sunshine and your showers,
And with you come unto the tree
The bluebirds, whence they sing to me.

Free from care, too, now are they,
For winter snows have gone away;
And like this, too, feels everything
When the bluebirds wake the spring.

Here comes sorrowful April, weeping her time away,
sings Ruth H. McClenathan; and Laura E. McCully, who had a poem published in full in the February number, adds:

April mists are falling, falling,
April voices calling, calling;
Dusky spreads the chillness of the eve.

It is the "chillness of the eve" that League members should look out for. April, with her first warm nights, tempts us, but dry feet and warm fires must not be forgotten.

There is something very sweet and delicate about



BY KITTIE L. HEUSEL, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

Ruth S. Loughton's poem, of which we quote two stanzas. The poem is entitled "April Fairies."

A little silver raindrop
Fell from an April shower,
And made its nest where hidden lay
The seed of a future flower.

And myriads of fairies,
Filling all the air,
Arose from every raindrop
And made a rainbow there.

Here is a little flower poem by Katherine T. Bastedo, whose age is ten, and whose penmanship is certainly fine for one of her age:

Arbutus, hepatica, violets,
Hidden beneath the snow,
Waiting for April's gentle showers
To help to make them grow.

Arbutus, hepatica, violets,
Again in their little brown beds,
With snow for a nice warm coverlet
Drawn over their pretty heads.

George Elliston sends another good poem this month. We print one stanza. We expect still better things from this author.

With the first faint touch of the languorous spring,
When the birds in their glee make the whole
world ring

With their songs of praise,
When the odors of flowers that fill the air
Shed a rest and a blessing everywhere,
Come the April days.

Marguerite M. Hillery is an old friend, and nearly always sends a good poem when she sends any. Here are two stanzas of her poem on April:

A crimson glow on the placid lake,
And the children that laugh and play,
Can be seen and heard on an afternoon
At the close of an April day.

And the buzz and buzz of the busy bee
As he flits from flower to flower
Is often heard on an afternoon
After an April shower.

And there is a touch of genius in this closing stanza by Irwin G. Priest:

Back again is the bluebird,
The herald of spring,
With the earth on his breast,
And the sky on his wing.

Lucy G. Bastien is fond of April, and begins to tell us about it as follows:

June is drowsy, lazy;
In July we have the Fourth;
In winter, what with ice and snow,
We think we're 'way up north.

Alice Goddard Waldo, who won a prize in March, starts off charmingly, as you will see:

Vol. XXVII.—71.

The sun was shining clear and bright,
And flooding all the world with light,
In April;
My love went forth with gladsome tread
To wander where her fancy led,
In April.

We would like to print all of Alice's poem if we had room.

Linda G. McCallister, age nine, begins by telling us where to gather violets:

In swamp and lowland all around
The purple violet is found.



BY RAYMOND W. FERRY.

While Ida M. Ufford describes an April shower, of which we will have only a part, though she tells of it all very prettily:

A tiny cloud in the distance,
But see how fast it spreads!
A dash of pattering raindrops—
The storm breaks o'er our heads.
How thick and fast 't is beating
Against the window-pane!
And all the surrounding landscape
Is shut out by the rain.

Annie Olivia Hawkins tells us something about April-fooling:

A little boy sat, one day,
Counting the months that had flown away:
"Jan., Feb., March, then April fool;
That is the day that all the school
Play their tricks and funny jokes
On the school-teacher and other grown folks."

But Mary K. Harris tells us a good deal more on this subject, and we wish we had room to print all that she says:

Aunt Priscilla awoke in the early morn,
With thoughts of fooling and thoughts of scorn.
"Aunt Priscilla, just look! Aunt Priscilla, I say!
It's raining! It's raining! It's a horrid wet
day!"

From the door to the window quickly she ran.
"April fool! April fool!" called out naughty Dan.

Winifred Herdman, age thirteen, grows reflective in remembering the past:

When I look back on the days of my childhood,
I dwell with pleasure on fun that I had;
But when I think in a serious manner,
There is a something that makes me feel sad.



BY SHERWOOD SUNDERLAND DAY, AGE 12.
(SPECIAL SILVER BADGE.)

John Cooley is eleven years old, and his poem is good throughout. We have room for only the closing lines:

That April showers
Bring May flowers
Is true as true can be;
But April has flowers
As well as showers,
And many a nice green tree.
The days are warm,
And it does no harm
For a shower now and then;
For April showers
Bring out the flowers,
And spring has come again.

"T is April fool! 'T is April fool!"
One boy cried to another.
"Come out and play — there is no school!
Go quick and get your brother."

Such are the opening lines of a poem by Arthur Edward Weld. Arthur then tells us how these boys prepared a knife and a string with which they fooled many worthy citizens. Or, as Arthur himself says:

All went well for a long while,
Until a man quite old
Came by, and, with a crafty smile,
Said, "A knife I do behold!"

He did not do as others did —
Put out his foot to knock it;
He stepped upon the string instead,
And slipped it in his pocket.

Margaret Stockbridge writes a nice letter about Christmas, and says:

The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that ST. NICHOLAS soon would be there;
and incloses a little poem of her own about a very charming little April fool. Margaret will find her name in the roll of honor.

Carolyn Edith Butler is fifteen, and sends a dainty poem entitled "The April Violet":

A tiny April violet
Had blossomed on the green;
Its little stem stood upright,
As if anxious to be seen.

The little girl carelessly steps on the poor blossom,

And so the April violet
Has nevermore been seen;
But still its memory lingers
Where it blossomed on the green.

Dora Call, whose age is eleven, and whose heart is merry, rain or shine, says:

If it rains we stay inside,
If it's clear we take a ride;
Or if we've no carriage we play in the yard;
If we play croquet we hit our balls hard.

And that is the proper thing to do. Make the best of things as they come, and "hit the balls hard."

Everything's fresh and everything's green,
And everything's at the best stage to be seen,

says Gertrude Crosland, age thirteen; while Marjorie McIver, who has one year less and much the same spirit, sings:

Where she passeth grows a flower,
Just the best that ever grew;
Where she stoppeth falls a shower,
Soft and cool as summer dew.

In fact, spring is the season for poetry, and our young League writers love it. They have never written so much or so well. And among the best of our "gems" is one by Alice May Fuller, whose age is fifteen, and whose little "Song of April Weather" we print in full as a fitting and beautiful finale.

A SONG OF APRIL WEATHER.

SHE dreamed it was an April day;
The air was soft and sweet,
The dandelions all were out,
And tiny leaves began to sprout
Where branch and twiglet meet.

The pussy-willows in the marsh
Were nodding at each other,
While raindrops hung from bush and tree,
And birdies caroled merrily
Of spring and one another.

She woke, and waking, saw a sight
That filled her with dismay:
The air was dark with lines of rain;
A cold, raw day had come again —
A real, true April day.



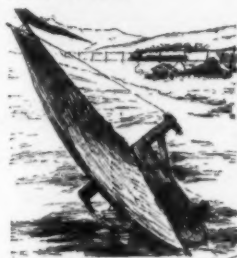
BY JAMES K. BONNER.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

A LIST of those whose work, though not used, either wholly or in part, has yet been found worthy of honorable mention.

POEMS.

George S. Marks
Ruth Getchell
Margaret Van Slyck
Jessie Day
Mary Rice Bannister
Justin R. Weddell
Margaret Stockbridge
Helen M. Rives



BY REED H. HUBBELL.



BY JOS. M. DUGAN, AGE 16.

William Patch
Risa Lowie
Lena Bogardus
Ruth Olyphant
Walter Holmes Beecher
Margaret Murphy
M. Louise Hurlbrett
Marjorie Hughson
Florence L. Forestier
Ringgold W. Lardner
Ella Varick Morrison
Richard Patten Bruce
Antoinette C. Hearne
Ida B. Jelleme
Corita M. Estrada
Waldron C. Beekly
Margaret Stevens
Lula Mills
Mac Goodrich Hughes
Dorothea Davis

PROSE.

David M. Cheney
Ethel L. Courtemanche
Margaret J. Williams
Rose S. Kinsman
Jessie Murray
Mary A. Hogan
Karl Wendell Kirshway
Edith Chapin
Rachel Tappan Sanborn
Olive Voswinkle
Elbert Durfee
Eunice Fuller
Marguerite Child
Edna Smith
Elford Eddy
Clara J. Groth
Arthur C. Read
Reed Potter
Winifred Birge Praeger
J. Wheaton Chambers
Laura Benet
Ethel M. Albertson
Frances Condon
Beatrice A. Vilas
Rebecca F. Isaacs

Herbert Williams
Dorothy Wagner
Marie Thompson
E. L. Jarvis



BY NATALIE B. KIMBER, AGE 15.

Ruth Perkins Vickery
Gertrude Dykeman
Helen Fitzwater
Helen Murphy
Walt Shelton
May A. Chambers
Lillian E. Judd
Mary Perkins Abbott
Janet Percy Dana
Julia G. McKee
Christine Payson
Maude R. Kraus
Lily S. Hawkins
Helena Ross
Helene Marie Boas
Louise Karr Hodge
Fred Faulkner
Mary Harman
Gustava Schwartz



BY MARJORIE T. HOOD, AGE 12.

DRAWINGS.

Arthur W. Bell
Alice Fellowes
Bessie Greene
Harlow F. Pease
Lorraine March
Lillian Brooks
Martha Rosentreter
Sophie K. Smith
Alfred P. Hanchett
Edith M. Thompson
May B. Cooke
F. C. Wilkinson
Hildegard Meigs
Mabel Alice Browne
Jessie Gilroy
Sophia D. Hely-Hutchinson
G. Hobbs
Charlotte Woodford
Clare Currier



BY CHARLOTTE P. DODGE, AGE 15 (HAWAII).

Edith A. Roberts
Mary H. Hamkens
John Harvey
Edward C. Day
Philip Andrews
Amelia A. Glick
May E. Maynard
E. Kerr
Edwin D. Rider
Eleanor George (brown ink)
Edna Marrett
Minna Hoskins
Seward W. Rathbun
Dora Waring
Marcus H. Doll
Ruth B. Hand
Henry Martyn Hoyt, Jr.
Mabel C. White
Gordon Ewings
Helen M. Bissell
M. W. Palmer
Ellis Matthews



BY F. MILES GREENLEAF, AGE 13.

Carl A. Lohmann
Mary A. Carolan
Donald Cole
Arthur Edwin Bye
Hans Krasiman

PHOTOGRAPHS.

George F. Englesby
Stanley Randall
Ellen H. Skinner
Philip Heartt
Anna R. Cole
Larned V. P. Allen
Marjorie T. Clark
Sara Oakley (blue)
Elizabeth Williams
Ervin W. Mitchell



BY RUTH OSGOOD, AGE 12.

PUZZLES.

George S. Brengle
R. W. Lardner
Elinor Daniels
Carroll S. Daniels
Frank G. Sayre
Pauline Angell
Madeleine Dickie

C. B. Georgen
Mary Morton
Hazel C. Smith
Mary G. Osborne
Philip Sidney Beebe
Ruth Allaire
Frances Richardson
Helene S. Stevens
Robert W. Wilson
Beulah M. Sanford
Bertha B. Janney



BY ELSIE WILLIAMS, AGE 13.

The prize puzzles and others selected for publication, as well as the list of puzzle-answerers, will be found in the regular "Riddle-box."

SPECIAL MENTION.

THOUGH not quite available for publication, special mention should be made of the drawings received this month from Mollie and Agnes Wood, Mortimer M. Lawrence, Marjorie Watmough, Elwyn Lee Barron, and Katherine Denison. Also of stories and essays by Katherine Gaul Rusk, A. B. Skinner, Emily Colguhoun, Rachel D. Kanes, and Ruth W. Kantrowitz. The work sent by these young writers and artists is full of promise, and we shall expect to have better things from them later.

LETTERS.

WE have so little room for letters that we hardly know how to select for publication. We would gladly print all that come, and especially those thanking us for prize badges.

For instance, Marjorie Watmough, whose drawing published in February won the gold badge, says:

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My prize badge came on Monday, and I cannot tell you how it pleased me. I think it is a perfect beauty, and all my friends have admired it greatly.

And here is a little girl, Elsie Jung, age eleven, who has a teacher of the right sort. Elsie's letter says:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a new reader of your wonderful magazine, and can hardly wait for it to come out, and as our teacher has told us that we should try to become members of the St. Nicholas League, I have taken a great interest in it.

Here is a member with the right spirit:

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: Having seen your announcement in the November number of the ST. NICHOLAS, and being desirous of becoming a member, I send a stamped and addressed envelope, in which please send me a badge.

I mean to try the competition every month, but even if I don't get a prize, I am not going to be discouraged. Sincerely yours, KATHARINE S. HAZELTINE.

Other interesting letters have been received by the League from Helen B. Maxey, Alfred and Katherine M. Botsford, Ruth Alice Bliss, Maria H. Hamkins, Russel S. Dart (spells "much" with an s), Mae Geary, Louise Mygrant, Helen Stroud, Dorothy Child, Marie Sinclair, Lyle Barnes, Herbert R. Stolz (with pretty bunny picture), Irene Bauer, Pauline Angell, Ethel Deane, James J. Bevan, Helen S. Leib, J. R., Geraldine E. Watson, Harry Howe, Richard B. Grant, Frederick W. Baumann, B. George Segar, Henry Mylin Kieffer, Donna Margaret Drew, Harry Rogers, Anna Howell, Shirley Willis, Franklin E. Wolf, Teddy Scott, Hepburn Michael, Isidore Douglas, and Frederic Ullman, Jr.



BY FRED CARTER (ENGLAND).



BY W. H. GLINES.

CHAPTERS.

SPECIAL TO TEACHERS: Chapters of the St. Nicholas League are being formed in many of the schools, and a number of the teachers have taken a kindly interest in these organizations and their work. To all teachers desiring them, League badges and instruction leaflets will be sent post-paid, free of charge.

No. 37. Emma Horn, President; Dorothy Williams, Secretary; fourteen members. Address, Catsaquia, Pennsylvania.

No. 38. Dorothy Calman, President; Maude R. Kraus, Secretary; six members. Address, 155 West Seventy-second Street, New York City.

No. 39. W. Slattery, President; O. Denison, Secretary; six members. Address, 26 Pearl Street, South Framingham, Massachusetts.

No. 40. Sophia Miller, President; Elizabeth Roper, Secretary; seven members. Address, Pelham Manor, New York.

No. 41. Winifred B. Smith, President; Fanny R. Hill, Secretary; five members. Address, 22 Oakland Place, Buffalo, New York.

No. 42. Ozro C. Gould, Secretary; President's name not given; seven members. Address, 420 West Sanborn Street, Winona, Minnesota.

No. 43. Nina Tachan, President; Charlotte Forsyth, Secretary; five members. Address, 1731 Girard Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

No. 44. Earl Mallory, President; Myra Kelly, Secretary; ten members. Address, Tacoma, Washington.

No. 45. Rachel Nixon, President; Mildred C. Irwin, Secretary; twelve members. Address, Medicine Lodge, Barber County, Kansas.

No. 46. A. M. Levine, President; L. Clark, Secretary; eight members. Address, 155 East One Hundred and Sixth Street, New York City.

No. 47. Thomas B. Myers, President; Ethel K. Lemont, Secretary; seven members. Address, 4026 Parrish Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

No. 48. George B. Duffy, President; ten members. Address, 237 Wyckoff Street, Brooklyn, New York.

No. 49. Marion Ellett, President; Hazel Murray, Secretary; six members. Address, Chillicothe Sanatorium, Chillicothe, Missouri.

LEAGUE NOTES.

GOOD reports are coming in from many League chapters. One says: "We have such a lot of fun at every meeting. We hope the League will go on forever." Chapter 28 is growing and calls for more badges. "We meet every two weeks and read the stories of ST. NICHOLAS."

Chapter 18 sends word that there was an error in their report. It should read as follows: No. 18. Mary R. Sanford, President; Fanny M. Lord, Secretary; five members. Address, Redding Ridge, Connecticut.



BY BEATRICE HERDMAN (ENGLAND).

OUR VERY LITTLE ARTISTS.



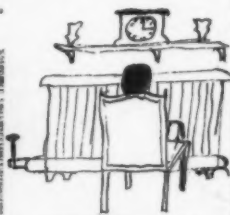
KATHERINE LIDDELL, AGE 11.



HENRY E. TUTTLE, AGE 9.



CAROL BRADLEY, AGE 13.



HARRY R. HOWE, AGE 11.



PHILIP F. COLE, AGE 9.



HARRY A. TOULMIN, AGE 9.



DONALD CALL, AGE 7.



HELEN GEARY, AGE 7.



RAFAEL ESTRADA, AGE 11.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 7.

Prize Competition No. 7 will close on April 22. The award will be announced and prize contributions published in *St. NICHOLAS* for July. (No. 6 contributions will be published in June instead of May, as stated.)

POEM. Not to contain over twenty-four lines, and to relate in some manner to July 4.

PROSE. Not to contain over four hundred words, and to relate in some manner to the summer.

DRAWING. In India or very black writing-ink,



ELIZABETH S. CRAMER, AGE 11.

and only on white paper. The young artists this time may select their own subjects.

PHOTOGRAPH. Any size. The young photographers may also select their own subjects this time, though seasonable things are always to be preferred.

PUZZLE. The answer to express something pertaining to July.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Best and neatest and most complete set of answers to all the puzzles in this (April) number of *St. NICHOLAS*.

THREE SPECIAL PRIZES.

Gold and silver badges will be awarded best illustrated stories and poems, as follows:

ILLUSTRATED POEM. Not to contain over twenty-four lines, and illustrated with not more than three drawings or photographs by the author, who may also select the subject.

ILLUSTRATED STORY OR ARTICLE. Not to contain over four hundred words,



LINDA HOUGHTON, AGE 13.

gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and the League gold badge. *Third Prize*, the League gold badge.

Remember, every contribution of whatever kind must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian.

Before sending any contribution read all the rules over carefully.

Address all communications to

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE,
Union Square,
New York City.



BY THEODA FOSTER BUSH, AGE 11.

THE LETTER-BOX.

THIS letter, by its references to Greek buildings and affairs as every-day matters, will help to make the "Boy of Galatia," in this number, seem real to us:

ATHENS, GREECE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a Greek girl, and I thought perhaps some of your readers would like to hear about Athens. I live close to the king's palace and opposite the gardens belonging to it. His Majesty kindly allows any one to enter at a certain hour in the afternoon three times a week. Tickets may also be obtained by favor to enter every day. We are very glad of this privilege, as in the spring, when it becomes very hot, we are unable to take walks to the ruins, as we generally do. One of our favorites is the Acropolis. It is really wonderful to think that this structure should have stood over two thousand years, only to be blown up by the Venetians in 1687. On entering there are a lot of steps to mount to get to the Propylæa, on the left of which is the Erechtheum, and in front the Parthenon—a big temple dedicated to the gods and goddesses. In this was kept the famous statue of Minerva, made of gold and ivory, whose spear could be seen by ships sailing past Phaleron to enter the harbor of Piræus. Phaleron, a favorite summer resort, is also a favorite drive, being only half an hour's distance from Athens. Other places of repute are the Temple of Jupiter and the Arch of Hadrian, built by that great emperor. There are two museums, in which are a great many antiquities and some skeletons.

This is the third year we are taking you, I and my sister Nina, and our favorite tales are "The Story of Betty," "The Lakerin Athletic Club," "With the Black Prince in France," "Denise and Ned Toodles," "The Raid of the Raffertys," and "Bright Sides of History."

I am named Paulemnia, after one of the Muses, but I am generally called Pauletta. I remain,

Your interested reader,

PAULEMNIA P. SKOUSÈS
(aged twelve and a half years).

HERE is a young poet who sends us a letter to Santa Claus, and who knows how to make a pun:

ARKANSAS CITY, KAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I see by your ST. NICHOLAS that a good many other children write letters to you, and so I thought I would like to write one, too.

Your loving reader,

JUSTINE FITZPATRICK
(twelve years old).

DEAR SANTA CLAUS: How do you do?

And are you very cold?

The air is getting pretty sharp

For you who are so old.

I wear my nice blue mackintosh

Which you gave to me last year.

It is n't worn out the least bit—

How I thank you, Santa dear!

I wish I had some books to read—

I've read my old ones twice.

I think the one about Denise

And her pony "Ned" is nice.

And then, my big doll broke her head;

She needs another one.

She's put away upon the shelf,

And can't have any fun.

To ask you for so many things
Would really be quite mean;
And so I'll simply sign myself
Your loving, true

JUSTINE.

P. S. The letters that the others write
Perhaps won't be like mine;
But then, my pencil got so cold,
I had to write in "rime."

WE are glad that this little girl has succeeded in her wish. Do American children know what she means by "got the brush"?

PORTLAND PLACE, LONDON, W.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have written to you twice before, and when I complained to Daddy that my letters were not in print, he just said: "They are n't good enough just yet. When you write one that ST. NICK will print, you shall have this!"—and he held out ten shillings. So I am trying very hard.

Last September I got the brush, when I was hunting with Daddy. My pony is black all over, and he has one little white star on his forehead, so he is called "Midnight Star."

I am taking fencing lessons now, and also dancing lessons, which I enjoy very much indeed. I have had ST. NICHOLAS since I was quite a little girl. I am now almost nine. My favorite story was "The Story of Betty."

I edit a magazine, and one rule is: "No one may join 'The Children's Gazette' unless they take ST. NICHOLAS regularly." I remain,

Your very loving

DAPHNE LETTICE RITCHIE.

Marjorie M. Harris sends an excellent drawing; Cora Brandt contributes an account of San Francisco; J. Herbert Hopp and Edmund W. Burroughs translate again the long German word given in the November number; Goldy Budd tells of his visit to Longfellow's house and the Washington Elm (who will tell in what city?); Louis M. Washburn writes to tell us what he wants for Christmas; Emma V. Runyon tells how she enjoyed her Christmas; Gertrude G. Brailley prefers the serials, "The Story of Betty" and "Trinity Bells," and the short stories, "How the Storm Went Round," "Saigo's Picnic," and "Foxglove Freaks"; Florence Secor praises her pony; Margaret Chamberlin received ST. NICHOLAS for a Christmas present; Anita Moffett talks of the old fort in New York City at Morningside Park; J. Rose Troup, Jr., sends a poem; Martha Prescott Bull writes a story.

Other good friends have sent us interesting letters, which we can acknowledge only by printing their names here:

Ruth L. B., Catharine Lines Chapin, Adelaide Avery Lyons, E. H. Lewis, Olive Beatrice Smith, Bernice S. Fisher, Raynor Allen (who tells an excellent story about a canary's tricks), D. F. N. (who relates how a kitten was by accident shut into an iron safe, and remained for several hours without harm), Dorothy Winslow (who entertainingly describes games and a Halloween party) and George Meacham, a grown-up, who very kindly tells the true story of Santa Claus. But the story is in too many reference-books to make it necessary to reprint it here.

CHARADE.

My *one* is a boy full of frolic and fun,
One and *two* put together are same as my *one*,
 My *three* 's what you want when you buy your new
 clothes.

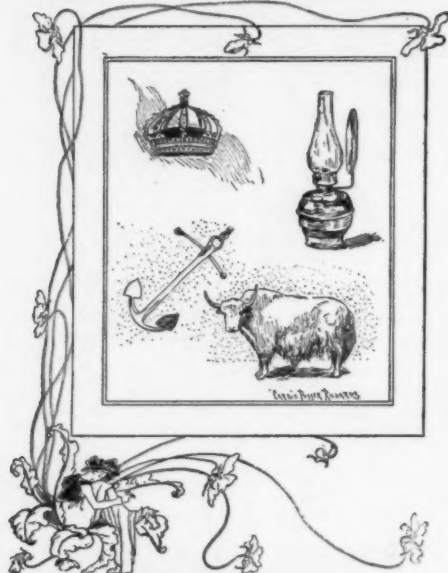
(If you did n't get them you 'd growl, I suppose.)
 But if *one* and *two* should have *three*—oh, dear!

His mama would worry the rest of the year.

My *whole* we receive every day that we 're living—
 I hope that you counted up yours on Thanksgiving.

M. E. FLOYD.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.



EACH of the four small pictures may be described by a single word. When these words have been rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order in which they are numbered, the initial letters will spell the surname of a distinguished man who was born in April, one hundred and twenty-three years ago.

A CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

(First Prize, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

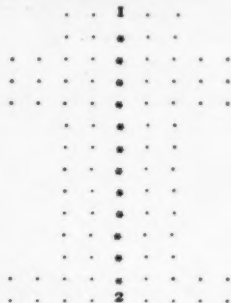
IN each of the twelve following quotations one word is concealed. When the concealed words are rightly guessed, and written one below another, in the order here given, the central letters will spell the name of a famous jester, and also the name of one who knew him well.

1. "And spur thee on, with full as many lies
 As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear
 From sun to sun."
2. "I had rather be a dog and bay the moon,
 Than such a Roman."
3. "Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again?"
4. "Who lives, that 's not depraved, or depraves?"
5. "Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!"
6. "Dainty bits
 Make rich their ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits."
7. "Not Hercules
 Could have knocked out his brains, for he had
 none."

8. "A man may hear this shower sing in the wind."
9. "In simple and pure soul I come to you."
10. "So full of shapes is fancy,
 That it alone is high fantastical."
11. "Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
 To what I shall unfold."
12. "Death remember'd, should be like a mirror
 Who tells us, life 's but breath; to trust it, error."

ANNE E. VALENTINE.

FLORAL CROSS.



CROSS-WORDS: 1. Parts of all plants. 2. The century plant. 3. A plant cultivated for its broad spikes of brilliant flowers. 4. The pansy. 5. A common September flower. 6. The month in which wild flowers are first found. 7. Low-growing masses of flowers or grass. 8. The color of foliage. 9. The "queenly flowers." 10. The Michaelmas daisy. 11. A thorn. 12. Something by which a famous cowslip once grew. 13. A species of clove-pink. 14. A flower named for a heavenly body.

From 1 to 2, the name of an April holiday.

ANGUS M. BERRY.

WORD-SQUARES.

- I. 1. TIES. 2. A photographing apparatus. 3. Entertained. 4. Reposed. 5. To congeal. 6. To depress.
 II. 1. A strain. 2. A ditch. 3. A clergyman. 4. Whole. 5. Notched. 6. Small pieces.

MARIE B. REICHENHART.

RHYMED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

(Second Prize, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

WHEN cross-words eight, of equal length, are guessed
 And placed as numbered, the initials show
 A jester who in one of Shakspeare's plays
 Appears. The letters in the final row
 Will spell a jester great, who made much sport
 For Queen Elizabeth and all her court.

CROSS-WORDS.

1. A violent storm is this of rain or wind.
2. Next, ensigns of true royalty you 'll find.
3. A number whole, complete, and undivided.
4. Unbiased, and not partial or one-sided.
5. This dainty doth not oft of the "general" please.
6. Uneasy, agitated, ill at ease.
7. This Tuscan town 's famed for straw-plaiting works.
8. Belonging or pertaining to the Turks.

BARBARA ELEANOR SMYTHE.

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